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JAN. 17, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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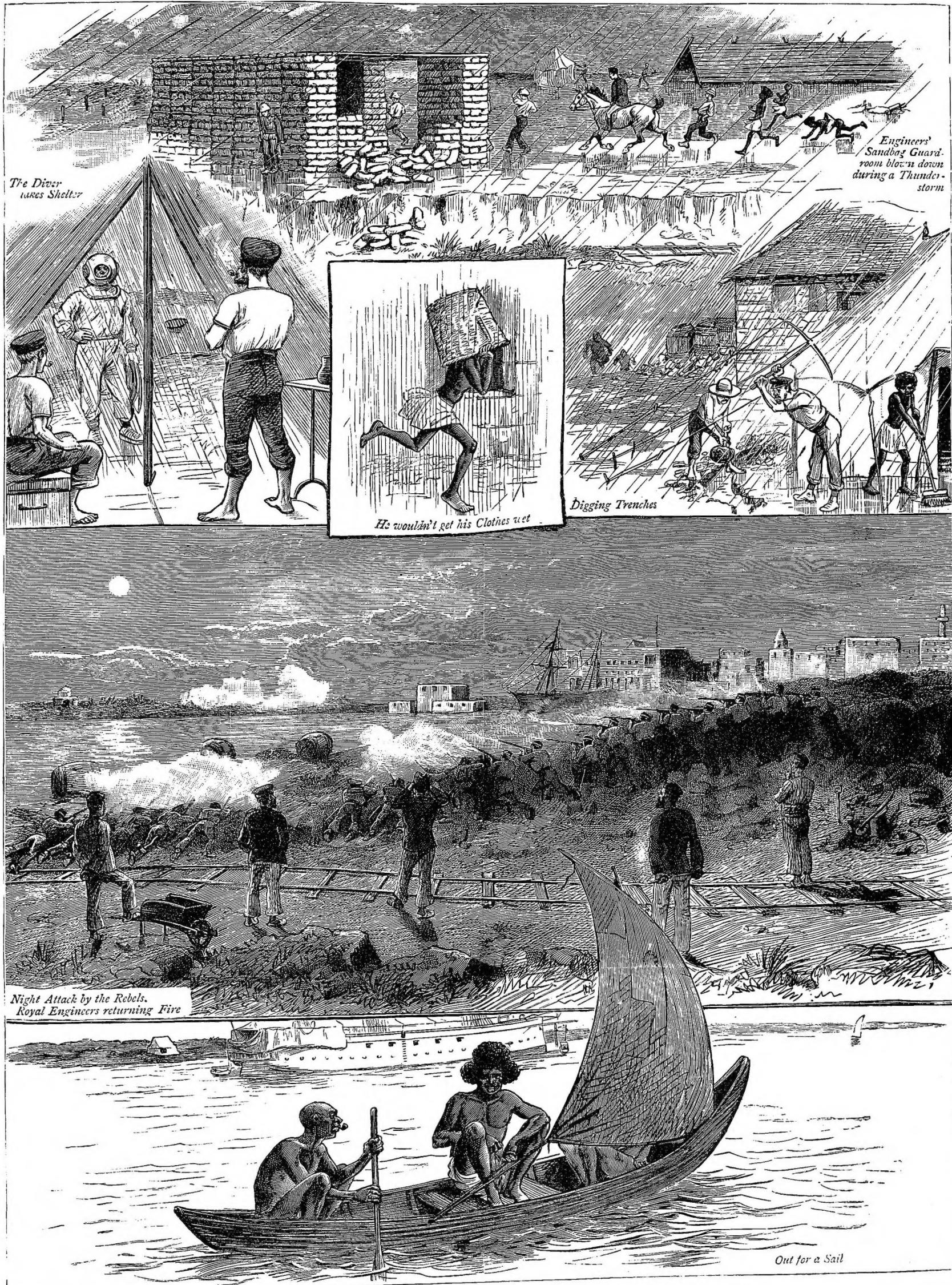
THE GRAFIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 790.—VOL. XXXI.] EDITION DE LUXE
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885

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WITH THE BRITISH GARRISON AT SUAKIM, RED SEA
FROM SKETCHES BY A NAVAL OFFICER



ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck's remarks about England in his recent speeches have attracted much attention both in this country and on the Continent, but he said very little that was not almost self-evident. Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Centre party, warned the Reichstag that the Chancellor's colonial policy might lead to war with England. To this Prince Bismarck replied that a war between England and Germany was practically impossible, for although their claims in distant regions might to some extent conflict, it would always be easy, with a little good-will on both sides, to settle their differences by peaceful negotiation. In such a statement as this there was surely nothing very surprising. The truth is that Prince Bismarck has always had a very friendly feeling towards England, and he would have been greatly pleased if he could have persuaded her long ago to join the League which he has been trying to form for the maintenance of perpetual peace. He has, of course, been irritated by the febleness of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy; but there is no evidence that he has even for a moment allowed himself to suppose that the English people are jealous of the growth of the power of Germany. With his usual frankness, he informed the Reichstag that some difficulties had arisen between the representatives of the two countries in the Cameroons country, and that others might arise in New Guinea; and he expressed a hope that the British Government would act cordially with him in the effort to bring those difficulties to an end. This ought undoubtedly to be done, whether Prince Bismarck is prepared to help us in Egypt or not; for we may do much good, and can do no harm, by giving Germany effectual proofs of friendship at the very beginning of her career as a colonising Power.

IRISH NATIONALISM IN AMERICA.—It would be a very wholesome thing if the recent shooting affray, or attempted assassination, whichever it was, in O'Donovan Rossa's office, were to open the eyes of the respectable Irish, both in America and in these islands, to the character of these desperadoes. It is through the subscriptions contributed by enthusiasts for Irish Independence (in the main respectable and industrious persons) that these truculent scoundrels are able to execute the various villainies, in the form of dynamite outrages, which have angered rather than terrified the British people for several years past. But we are by no means sanguine that the recent "difficulty" will lessen the estimation of Rossa and his fellow-conspirators among his countrymen. The Irish have always been inclined to follow the mischievous maxim that "The end justifies the means;" and, judging from the apathy with which Mr. Parnell and other leaders of the Nationalist movement have viewed the most brutal outrages, whatever they were—cattle-houghings, moonlight raids, dynamite explosions, or landlord murders—it is to be feared that many Nationalists, who would themselves shrink from perpetrating such atrocities, yet excuse them as the natural outcome of centuries of tyranny, and even regard them with complacency, as accelerating the approach of the dawn of Irish Freedom. We believe that this is a mistaken view, and that the discontented Irish will be far more likely to obtain all that they can reasonably want when they refrain from irritating the people on this side of St. George's Channel by these despicable conspiracies.

OVERDOING VEGETARIANISM.—A sharp boy once told Bishop Wilberforce that he had seen a lion lie down with a lamb. "I know lions don't eat their dinners sitting," answered the Bishop, who was not easily caught. "Ah, but it was the lamb who ate the lion," replied the boy, and the Bishop had to confess himself beaten before his young tormentor would explain that it was a *dandelion* which the lamb had devoured. We recall this anecdote because an enthusiast at the Vegetarians' meeting the other day said that he looked to the time when the lamb would lie down with "man—more carnivorous than lion or leopard." But there will be no lambs in the days when zealous vegetarians have things all their own way, for it would not be worth the while of man to breed flocks simply for their wool, nor herds for their hides. If the Vegetarians want to live in a world where there shall be no wool or leather, no milk, butter, or cheese, and doubtless no grass—since grass would be useless—then they are sincere in wishing for the propagation of their principles. It is by such exaggeration, however, that the Vegetarians miss doing much of the good which they might accomplish if they confined themselves to teaching that people eat too much meat. A missionary once attributed all the failure of his work among some cannibals to the fact that he had been travelling with a vegetarian colleague: "I might have converted them to steaks and poultry," he said, "but poor Jones preached at them so hard for killing a hen that they said: 'In for a chicken, in for a goose,' and Jones would have had his turn on the spit if we had not fled."

DEMOCRATIC CONSERVATISM.—In his interesting speech on Tuesday evening Sir Charles Dilke expressed his belief that one effect of the Franchise Bill and the Seats Bill will be "to destroy the Conservative party in the old sense of the words." In making this statement, Sir Charles Dilke seems

to have forgotten that there are still some political questions, in the treatment of which the Conservatives will have no alternative but to maintain their present policy. About the question of Disestablishment, for instance, they can have nothing to say that they have not always said; and they will certainly resist in the future, as they have resisted in the past, every attempt either to abolish the House of Lords or to introduce essential changes in its constitution. With regard to what are called social reforms, however, it is highly probable that Sir Charles Dilke is right. Now that all classes of the people are to be represented in Parliament, the Conservatives must see that they will have no chance of making themselves popular by simply insisting on the maintenance of "the existing order of things." Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that they would have held aloof from the general movement for the elevation of the poorer classes of the community, even if the democratic principle had not been formally recognised as the basis of the Constitution. Prominent Conservatives have often complained that the tendency of Liberals is to think rather about political machinery than about the objects for the attainment of which political machinery exists; and "the party of resistance" has sometimes been a great deal more willing than "the party of progress" to call for the intervention of the State on behalf of the weak and the oppressed. The Conservatives, therefore, will not act inconsistently if, as Sir Charles Dilke predicts, they become "a rival democratic party seeking by rival means the affections of the democracy."

GERMAN EMIGRANTS AND BRITISH COLONIES.—It might soothe the jealousy which is aroused in our bosoms by stories of German annexation-projects if we would condescend to remember how little use we make of our own unrivalled emigration fields. The population of this island is rapidly increasing, and the problem how to find sustenance and employment for everybody is daily becoming more difficult of solution. Yet there is comparatively little emigration from the most crowded and most genuinely English portion of the United Kingdom. The Irish emigrate largely, though chiefly to the United States, and they deserve the highest praise for the self-denying affection which they show in sending home money to bring out their less fortunate relatives. The Scotch and Welsh also emigrate in fair numbers, Cornish and Northumbrian miners are not averse to seeking their fortune abroad, but the mass of South Saxons are decidedly stay-at-home. They rushed to Australia at the time of the gold discoveries, but now that the glamour of that exciting epoch has faded away, English emigration to the Antipodes has become very meagre. Of those who do go, many are not of the right stuff for successful colonists. Some have weak lungs, others have shaky morals. Consumptives and ne'er-do-wells are not likely to achieve much in building up a new Empire. The above reflections are prompted by the following paragraph:—"The Government of Tasmania have sent home Herr Frederick Buck, with instructions to select and despatch from Germany a number of emigrants of that nationality." Tasmania is about the size of Ireland, with fully as fertile a soil, and one of the most healthful and agreeable climates in the world. Its present population is about 120,000, and it is sad to think that the teeming multitudes of England cannot spare a few hundreds for colonising purposes. The real truth, it may be suspected, is that the Germans as emigrants possess valuable qualities in which our countrymen are deficient.

CROKE CROAKING.—An impatient Saxon remarking that he wished Ireland were under the sea, received answer that she had already been under the *See of Rome* too long. This will come to be the opinion of many an Irishman if the Catholic clergy take up the cry of the Archbishop of Cashel, and lay a ban upon English games. Archbishop Croke may prefer leap-frog and tip-cat (though where does he get his authority for the Celtic origin of these sports?) to cricket, lawn-tennis, and football; but cannot he let his brother Irishmen choose their amusements for themselves? If true Nationalism is to consist in the boycotting of all things English, the list will be much longer than the Archbishop has made it. We would rather, for our part, suggest the settlement of many international disputes by means of cricket and football matches. It would be a proud day for Ireland if eleven of her picked champions defeated the flower of the English cricket fields at Lord's; and a victory of Ireland over England at football—Rugby rules, with "hacking" *ad libitum*—would surely cause "hurroos" to ring from Lake Foyle to Mizen Head. Well, we should not grudge the Irish these victories. After winning a few of them, it might occur to our Celtic cousins that they had found out the true way of humiliating the Saxon; and they might discard the other ways to our—and their own—great benefit.

KHARTOUM.—All Englishmen are waiting with eager interest for the decisive news which may soon be expected from the Soudan. In the mean time little attention is given to the question as to the ultimate fate of Khartoum; but there can be no doubt that when the military operations are concluded this question will give rise to much animated discussion. No good reason has ever been suggested why the town should be abandoned. If its connection with Egypt is maintained, the Suakin-Berber railway will soon be constructed, and the slave trade will be abolished by the

development of legitimate commerce. If, on the contrary, Khartoum is given up, it will be impossible to bring the slave trade to an end; barbarism will prevail over vast regions which might be subjected to the influences of civilisation; and Egypt will always have to take precautions against the danger of an invasion by fanatical southern tribes. Whatever weight Mr. Gladstone may attach to these considerations their importance is not likely to be underrated by the English people; and we may be sure that they will engage the very serious attention of the Continental Powers. It is objected that the holding of Khartoum would be difficult and costly; but if the neighbouring tribes were dealt with fairly, the chances are that they would soon become reconciled to the new system which England would be able to establish.

REVOLVERCIDE.—We have often abused the revolver in these columns, and have contended that the ownership of such weapons should be seriously curtailed by the infliction of a tax, accompanied by a licence only to be granted with caution. Nothing has occurred since we last wrote to weaken our advocacy of these views, but much has occurred to strengthen them. As usual, there have been numerous murders, suicides, and accidents accomplished by this pestilential little pocket-fiend. Indeed, it looks as if England and France were retrograding towards barbarism. Formerly men of quality carried swords, and these, as well as pistols, were used in formal and carefully-arranged encounters. But now both men and women, of all sorts of qualities, carry revolvers, and are ready, on slight provocation, to "shoot at sight." An old traveller, who had constantly gone unarmed through the wilds of Africa, was astonished the other day, when dining among a body of "commercials" at a Yorkshire hotel, to find that every man could produce his revolver (unless they gammoned him by exhibiting meerschaum-pipe cases). Indeed, America and Europe seem in this respect to be changing places, for Mr. W. J. Stillman writes that in New York "the pistol is very rarely carried." Judging, however, by the number of revolver-tragedies of which we read every week in the *New York Herald*, this statement perhaps rather represents what Mr. Stillman wishes to believe than the actual facts. Let us conclude by enunciating an axiom which it is not easy to gainsay: The possession of a revolver in this country rarely serves any useful purpose, and is fraught with serious dangers.

THE "WORLD'S FAIR."—The six weeks' fair at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has now become one of the annually recurring amusements of winter; but it might attract many more visitors than it does if it were better managed. The absence of seats is a great drawback. Parents and nurses who take children cannot be expected to stand about for a whole afternoon while their little people enjoy the merry-go-rounds, rocking-boats, tunnel-train, or menagerie. If they enter one of the shows, they get sitting accommodation of a sort; but it is a very hard sort, and they are liable to be kept waiting for nearly an hour before the performance begins. "Step up, gen'l'men; jest goin' to begin." This promise, though accented with noise of drum, trumpet, and gong, is too often fallacious, and the little people who have entered the show in glee are moping sadly at the end of three-quarters of an hour, when they have kicked their heels about without seeing anything, and feel that so much precious time has been wasted. All this requires some central management. The fair is a pretty good entertainment on the whole, except that there are too few booths—and what is a fair without a fairing?—and except, also, that some of the animals in the menagerie are very badly lodged. It is not entertaining to look at poor brutes cramped up in cages too narrow for them, and to remember that they are condemned for life to these dens of discomfort, if not of torture.

THE DISPUTES OF SOCIALISTS.—Already the members of the Democratic Federation, which began to attract some attention a year or two ago, have found it impossible to work harmoniously together. Mr. William Morris complains that some of his former colleagues were arbitrary, much given to Jingoism, and inclined to adopt an Opportunist policy; so he and a number of other orthodox Socialists have broken away from the Federation, and are about to establish, or have established, a League of their own. This edifying incident is thoroughly characteristic of the tendencies of the Socialist party. On one point all Socialists are agreed, and that is, that existing institutions are bad, and ought to be abolished. But when they undertake to agitate for the establishment of a new social system, they soon quarrel, and the hatred of each faction of the party for its rivals becomes even more bitter than that which all of them feel for ordinary politicians. In Germany, indeed, the Socialists are for the present united; but that is due to the Anti-Socialist Law, which renders it necessary for them to maintain a rigid organisation. If the German Socialists were free, they also would be attacking one another, and Prince Bismarck would find that he had to deal, not with one compact body, but with perhaps half-a-dozen mutually hostile sets of revolutionists. It is the difficulty of common action that has hitherto prevented Socialism from becoming very formidable; and probably this will do more than anything else—in England at least—to make the majority of working men content with the kind of progress that can be attained by the gradual triumph of genuinely Liberal principles.

THE GRAPHIC

FOOT-WARMERS.—A spell of sharpish weather, and a lack of more exciting subjects, have combined to bring this momentous question once more to the surface. If we were inclined to take the popular side we should write thus: What is a Railway Company?—Answer: A wealthy corporation, bound to minister in every way to the comfort of those who condescend to make use of its services. Not only should there be foot-warmers in the carriages of every class, but a supply of great coats and rugs for those who are insufficiently clad, also an assortment of daily and weekly newspapers, also gazogenes for supplying aerated drinks, also a box of cigars and a canister of tobacco in each smoking compartment. Under such luxurious conditions as these, a journey, even on the much-abused L. and S. W. R., would be enjoyable. Now let us take the unpopular side. A Railway Company is merely a section of the public who have associated themselves together for the purpose of obtaining a fair rate of interest for their investments. Benevolence is no more their object than it is that of a butcher or a grocer. Their aim is to carry goods and passengers, and to get as much money as they can for so doing. Unless it happens to suit their interests (which it may by attracting people into the first-class) they are under no obligation to provide foot-warmers or hot-water pipes in the carriages gratis. It is quite true that as railways are practically a monopoly, the Government might compel the adoption of these conveniences if, as in America or Russia, they were a downright necessity. But with our usually mild winters foot-warmers are seldom urgently needed. Moreover, our own experience is that they produce a disagreeable, stuffy sensation, and that we would rather be without them. An extra rug, wrapped round the legs and feet, will keep most people quite as warm as for health's sake they ought to be during a railway journey in this climate.

MYSTERIOUS ILLNESSES.—Whether it be true or not, as a writer in the *Times* pretends, that mysterious illnesses are often due to arsenicated wall-paper, it must be pointed out that arsenic enters into the composition of a great many other articles. Toys, book-covers, artificial flowers, are frequently loaded with it; further, it has to be remembered that in some countries arsenic is not regarded as a poison, save when taken in large quantities, but is commonly used as a drug and as an adjunct to the toilet. In Hungary horses are dosed with arsenic to make them plump and to give their coats a glossy appearance; while in Croatia and the Danubian Provinces ladies are much addicted to this poison as a supposed beautifier of the complexion. We must make all this square with the assertion that people who have arsenic in their wall-papers are liable to loss of appetite, continual drowsiness, and depression of spirits. What a pity it is that doctors cannot agree better, for there would be plain sailing in sanitary legislation if they did! If arsenicated wall-paper be injurious, the sale of it should of course be prohibited by law; but a few years ago there was a craze for papers with arsenic in them, some French doctors having recommended them as most efficacious for the gradual cure of rheumatism and phthisis!



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening at 7.45. HAMLET, Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Mrs. Dewart, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crawford, Hudson, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open 7.15. Carriages at 11.15. Box Office 8.30 till 5. No fees. Matinées Saturday, January 24, and Saturday, February 7 at 1.30. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. CORBE.

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THE NILE EXPEDITION

A THUNDERSTORM AT SUAKIM

"A VERY severe tropical thunderstorm," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "recently burst over the town of Suakim, lasting two days. Starting from the mountains, it swept everything before it; huge bushes, stones, and other debris were carried down by the rivers formed by the torrential rain. The wells at the Water Forts overflowed, and the latter suffered from the amount of rain."

"The guard-house in the Royal Engineer camp, made of sandbags, defending the railway causeway from Quarantine Island to the mainland, had one side blown down, and tents were wrecked everywhere. Their unfortunate inmates either had their only shelter blown down about their ears, or were drenched through and through."

SUAKIM—NIGHT ATTACK OF REBELS, DECEMBER 3RD, 1884

"For some weeks past Osman Digma and his followers have allowed us our night's rest in peace; but at a few minutes past midnight of the 3rd of December, about a hundred of the rebels crept down into a hollow bit of ground on the shore, a hundred yards from the 'New House,' and five hundred yards from Quarantine Island, where they opened fire.

"In less than five minutes the Royal Marines, stationed at the former, and the Royal Engineers at the latter were out, and returned volley for volley. The enemy stuck to it pluckily for some time; and were not quieted until some dozen volleys (not to mention shells) had been poured into them.

"The bright moonlight night did not help them to escape; and as they made off on the higher ground several were hit.

"By the marks and the trails of blood at the point from which they fired it has been calculated that about twenty were killed and wounded; but only two were left behind dead. The rebels are most clever in removing the latter under all such circumstances, and it is really very difficult to arrive at correct statistics. About 3 A.M. on the 4th some endeavoured to creep back and carry off the bodies; but, on being seen, they were fired upon and were obliged to retreat."

SUAKIM: "OUT FOR A SAIL!"

"NOTHING pleases the Hadendowah's progeny so much as to get clear of the family mud hut, search out one or two of his intimate friends and his canoe of bark, and get clear of the town. Occasionally they take out their round baskets made of cane, and plant them on the reef to catch fish; but their summit of enjoyment is to fix a sail on to a staff and sail wherever the wind likes to take them. If the canoe capsizes they think it all the more fun (for they swim like fish), and it causes them a certain amount of amusement to right it and bale it out. They always seem happy and full of merriment—the singing, screeching, and chattering as they fly along."

A WAR DANCE BEFORE LORD WOLSELEY

"ANOTHER honour has been conferred on the Mudir of Dongola," writes Mr. F. Villiers, our special artist. "Lord Wolseley was requested by the Khedive to raise Sir Mustapha Jawar to the dignity of Pasha, and officer of the Second Class of the Medjidie. On Lord Wolseley arriving with his staff in the courtyard of the Mudireh, about a dozen Arabs rushed out of the crowd brandishing long spears, and wielding their Crusader swords. They madly danced round the General and suite, who seemed somewhat astonished at this mimic onslaught, and one or two of the horses were with difficulty prevented from bolting with fright. The war dance was timed by two kettle-drums that were vigorously beaten in a corner of the Mudireh. All kinds of weapons were used in this fantasia,—the Crusader swords, and spears the like of which I have never seen before, about eight or nine feet in length, with a head nearly as large as a sapper's spade. Two of the Mudir's black soldiers threw spears at one another, in the manner of Zulus and Abyssinian warriors."

THE COMING OF AGE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR

JANUARY the eighth, the Prince's twenty-first birthday, was ushered in at Sandringham by a splendid morning; the sun was bright, and the ground glistened with frost. The deer in the park strolled down to the water to find it covered with ice. The waddled ducks, finding their area of navigation narrowed, waddled protesting on the bank, and over the garden path. The stalwart policemen near the stables greeted one with a hearty good morning, and the half satisfied air of men who had watched the night, and provided the very best of weather. From an early hour there were signs that it was to be a day of festivity and gladness. Groups of pedestrians were seen making their way up to Sandringham Church pealed out merrily. Carriages, bearing the officials who were to present the various addresses of congratulation soon began to enter the gates, where a group of the Prince's beaters were assembled with red bands round their wideawakes and billy-

cocks. The Royal keepers, also, were resplendent in their gold badges and new corduroys.

THE PRESENTS

WHICH had been privately sent to the youthful Prince filled several counters of one of the large breakfast-rooms, and included the following:—From the Queen, a silver punchbowl; from the Prince of Wales, a pair of guns; from the Prince and Princess of Wales, a beautiful silver-gilt cup; from Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, a light case with their autographs engraved thereon; from the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, a pair of sleeve-links set with diamonds; from the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, a *fac-simile* of Peter the Great's table at Potsdam.

THE DEPUTATIONS

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock the presentation of addresses was proceeded with, and a favoured crowd assembled in an alcove leading out of the armoury, through which the Royal party passed on their way to the ball-room, where the deputations were received. Presently the Royal Party came past, laughing and talking on their way, and took up their positions in the ball-room. The Prince of Wales, in a black frock coat tightly buttoned, stood on one side of the hero of the occasion, who also wore a black frock coat, relieved by a large white flower in his button-hole. On the other side of Prince Albert Victor stood the Princess of Wales, looking as charming and as youthful as ever. She wore a mauve satin dress, flowered with deep red velvet, and a simple gold chain, necklace, and locket pendant. Behind this trio, standing in groups, were the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the young Princesses (Victoria, Maud, and Louise) in dark brown cashmere morning dresses, the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and other guests and members of the Household. Some of the ladies wore hats and bonnets, and all were in simple morning costumes. The first deputation received was that of the tenants, headed by Mr. Edward Sherrington, who, as the senior tenant, read a congratulatory address, and asked H.R.H.'s acceptance of a dish. In returning thanks the young Prince said:—"If I should be enabled in any measure to merit your good opinion in the future—and to do so will be my steadfast purpose—it will only be by following the same path of kindness, goodwill, and generosity which my parents have trodden." The Norwich deputation, headed by the Mayor (Mr. J. Hoblack) then entered the room, and after a few words from the Mayor, the Town Clerk read an address to the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as one asking Prince Albert Victor to accept a *fac-simile* of the ancient rose-water ewer and salver in the Norwich Corporation Plate. In his reply, the Prince of Wales took occasion to "express our heartfelt thanks to the inhabitants of the county for the unvaried marks of goodwill and neighbourly feeling which we have universally experienced since we first came here twenty-three years ago, and where we have passed some of the happiest years of our life." Prince Albert Victor also responded. Next came the King's Lynn deputation, and the Recorder (wearing his robes) read an address, in which the Prince was offered a *replica* of the Cup which, according to tradition, was given to the Mayor and Corporation of Lynn by King John. Then followed the Cambridge deputation; and then the Head Master of the King's Lynn Grammar School presented a pair of candlesticks to the Prince. The deputations then partook of luncheon, which had been provided in the ball-room. Regarding this portion of the ceremonies the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes:—"The business is soon despatched. The deputations come and go, the Prince of Wales reads a short reply, his son does the same modestly, with once or twice the quaver of nervousness in his speech, and there is much handshaking and smiling. H.R.H. has a genial, pleasant way of going through these formalities which satisfies every one, while a smile from the Princess would soften adamant. It is soon over, and the party disperses, after duly admiring the various tributes laid at the feet of the young Prince."

APPROACH OF THE TENANTRY

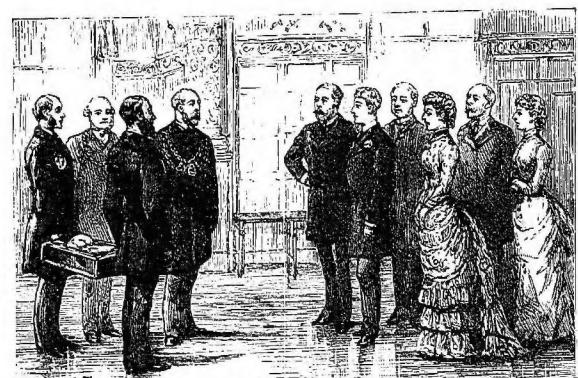
SHORTLY after this a very interesting scene took place on the east front of the building, where almost all the inhabitants of the estate had assembled. The labourers, to the number of 250, marched up, and, after Prince Albert Victor had been congratulated on the auspicious event, sent up hearty cheers. The scene was witnessed by princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, who stood in the portico in front of the hall, muffled up to the eyes in furs and sables. The Prince of Wales was easily recognised, in s. i.e. of his long coat with its broad fur collar. From the window of the ball-room one could see all. It raked the broad avenue of limes that led up to the Norwich Gates. The trunks of the trees were already festooned with coloured lamps ready for the illuminations of the evening. The carriage drive was lined with the little scarlet figures of the Sandringham and West Newton School girls, and the more darkly coated boys. All this time the school children had kept their ranks. Their treat was to come. Big baskets of goodies had been carried along the lines, and boys and girls had been alternated for company's sake—"Illa laddie had his lassie."

SANGER'S CIRCUS

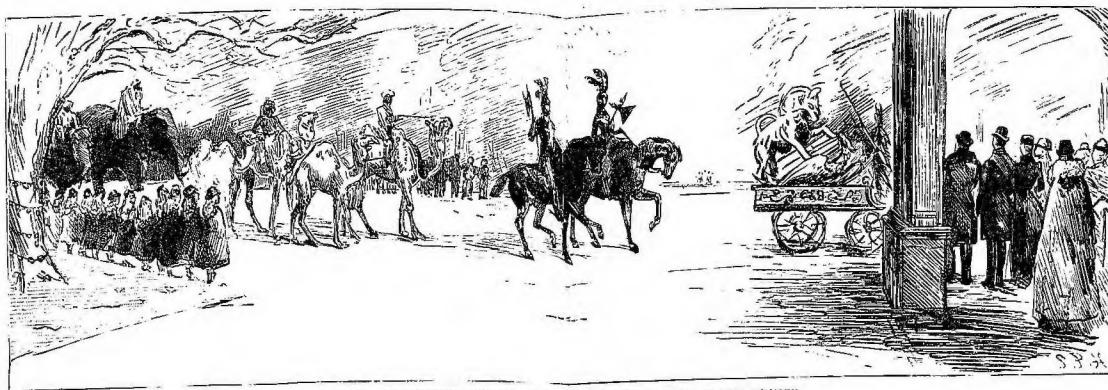
THE long avenue was lined with people from all parts of the country, conspicuous among them being the Sandringham school children, in red cloaks. Then the great gates opened, and Messrs. Sanger's cavalcade passed slowly down the avenue. Prancing steeds, ridden by strangely bedizened lords and ladies, enter; a band in a triumphal car; a golden lion killing a golden griffin; another demolishing a dragon; a knight in black armour—the Black Prince, perhaps, with the Black Princess by his side—black as jet their armour was, their steeds were black as jet; camels from Egypt; elephants from India. The band played, the cannons saluted, the people huzzaed, and every one enjoyed the sight. Besides the Royal Party, about 2,000 of the tenantry and their friends attended the circus performance, which was given in a spacious marquee pitched in a field, and was free to all. None are too old to enjoy a circus, not even yonder old salt from Dersingham. The Royal Party are there under the lion and the unicorn. The school children can hardly be kept out of the arena. Little Red Riding Hood's nose is flicked by the horses' tails as they sweep by. She stands right under the boy balanced on the wire, she has the honour of shaking hands with the clown, she touches the trunk of the elephant—a real elephant, not the mock elephant made up of two boys which Mr. Merryman subdues. She will remember it all her life—she and a number more.

PHOTOGRAPHING ROYALTY

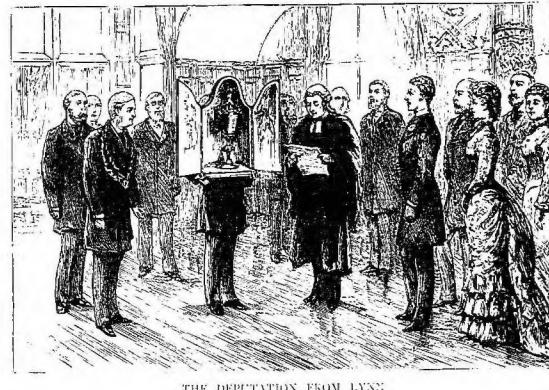
It is not every day that a young man comes of age who (though strictly speaking he may not be heir-presumptive) is nevertheless the second in succession to the British Crown; and therefore this is one of the historic occasions when the art of the photographer is most fitly called in. To be photographed is one of the penalties which the great have to pay. They must be posed in various permutations and combinations, and pass—certainly not "some of the happiest moments of their lives." One of the great advantages of photography is its uncompromising faithfulness. Future generations will be able to say, "This is just how they stood and looked." The photographs (our sketch shows the posing process), were taken in various groups by Mr. Barraud, of Regent Street. Afterwards the school children received buns and oranges, and the men had dinner in



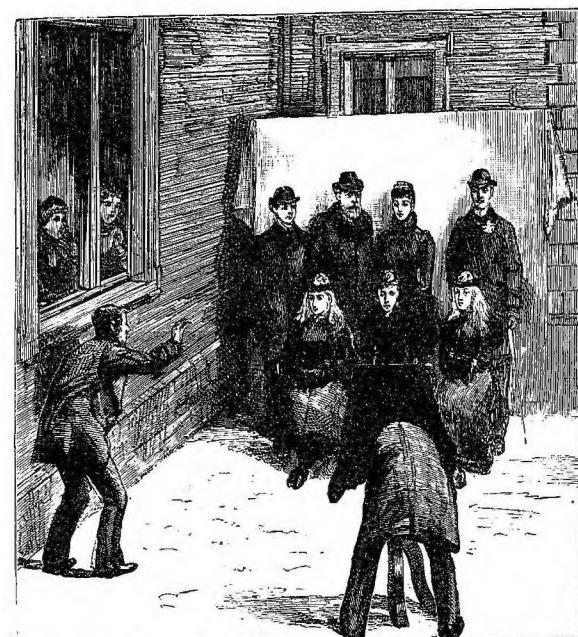
THE DEPUTATION FROM NORWICH



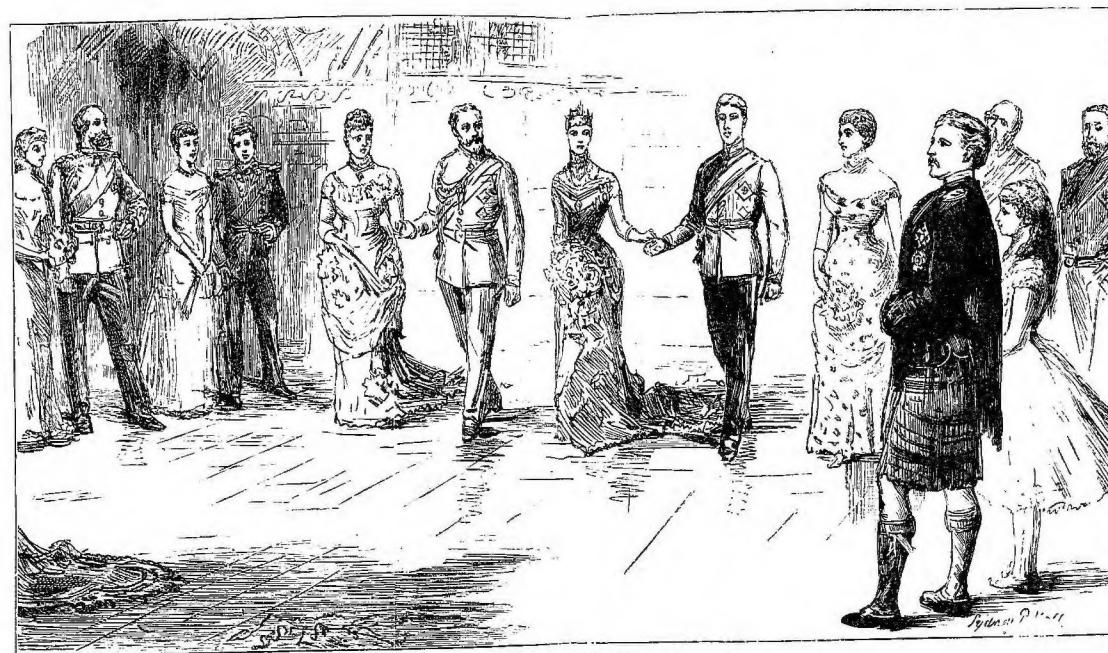
THE PROCESSION BEFORE THE HOUSE—EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE



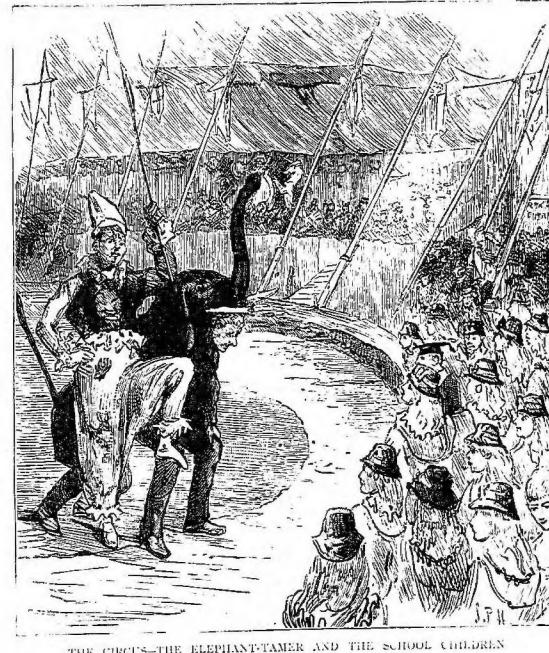
THE DEPUTATION FROM LYNN



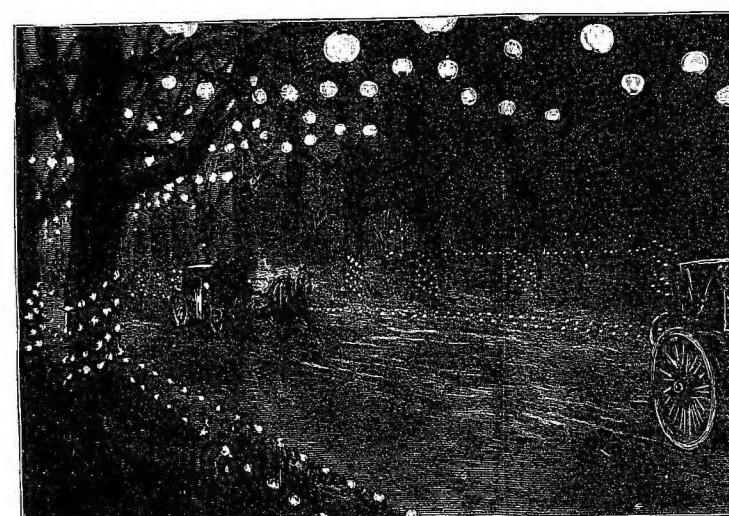
NOT THE Happiest MOMENT OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' LIVES



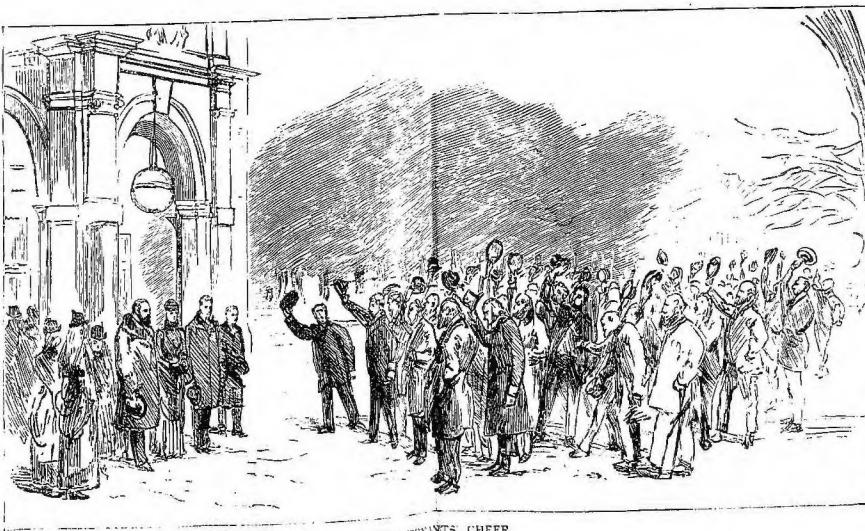
THE BALL—THE ROYAL QUADRILLE



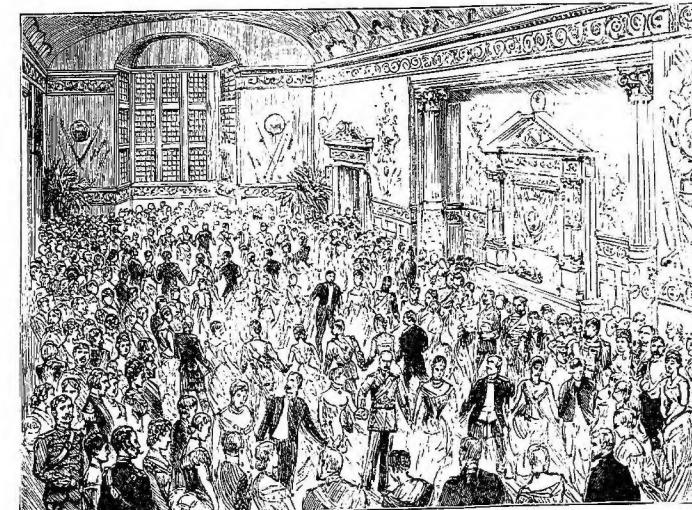
THE CIRCUS—THE ELEPHANT-TAMER AND THE SCHOOL CHILDREN



THE AVENUE ILLUMINATED



THE TENANTS' CHEER



VIEW OF THE BALL FROM THE GALLERY

THE COMING OF AGE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR—THE FESTIVITIES AT SANDRINGHAM

54
a large marquee. At the conclusion of the repast Mr. Beck proposed the health of Prince Albert Victor, which was received with immense applause.

THE ILLUMINATIONS

As evening set in rain began to fall, threatening to spoil the illuminations which Mr. James Pain had been instructed to provide. Happily, however, the rain soon ceased, and about 9 p.m. the scene in the Park, on the east and south fronts, was one of great brilliancy. Nearly 1,000 Chinese and Japanese lanterns were suspended on wires stretched across the broad avenue along its whole length, from the Norwich Gates to the house, while arranged in various devices facing the east front were 10,000 small cup-lights. The effect was very fine.

THE BALL

In the evening the Prince and Princess gave a ball to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest son. Besides the company staying at Sandringham, about a thousand other guests were invited, including all the county notabilities. The ball-room, beautiful in itself, white and gold, and decked with the glancing arms and armour from India, was filled with bright uniforms and fairy dresses, and sparkled with the richest gems. No fairer scene can be pictured than that when the assembled guests drew aside to bow and curtsey.

The greatest sympathy with Madame Hugues was evinced on all sides, although there are not wanting warning voices from a few common-sense people that it was a dangerous doctrine to encourage people to take the law into their own hands.

When the trial was announced, all Paris besieged the authorities for seats in Court, which was thronged to suffocation, the great majority of the spectators, however, being ladies, who invaded the barristers' seats, and even the Judges' Bench, while in the body of the Court, ambassadors and senators, journalists and officials, were mingled together in hopeless confusion. One of the most noted personages was Morin's father, who sat at the foot of the tribunal with his counsel, Maître Angeli. He is a sturdy Auvergnat peasant, clad in the homely blue blouse. He seemed, however, to take little interest in the proceedings, and indulged in an occasional nap. On a table in front of him lay the various *pièces de conviction*, Madame Hugues' revolver, and the numerous libellous post-cards which she asserted had been sent to her by Morin. Madame Hugues, who is twenty-nine years of age, was dressed in black, with a white veil round her hat, and looked very pale and worn. The proceedings began with the reading by the Clerk of the Court of the "Indictment," or *Acte d'Accusation*, and then the Judge, according to French custom, examined Madame Hugues, who detailed the whole of the circumstances which led her to commit the act, and gave a full account of the preparations she had made



MR. ALBERT GREY, M.P., has received a rather gracious letter from the Premier, congratulating him on the "foothold" which proportional representation has obtained in Mr. Grey's own county, as this will make him more able to secure its being well weighed by the public at large. To a full examination, Mr. Gladstone adds, it is certainly entitled, considering what are the claims it makes, and who are the people that support it.—Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Leonard Courtney are actively prosecuting their campaign throughout the country in favour of the scheme.

PRESIDING at the first of a series of political lectures to the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., warmly advocated the German alliance, significantly remarking that nothing was more easy than to have come to such an understanding with Germany as would have insured for the Germans full colonial expansion, while securing for our colonists freedom from any hostile complication, and from the com-



THE COMING OF AGE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR—SOME OF THE BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

The band strikes up "God Save the Queen," and the long line of Royal couples winds its way among the brilliant crowd in stately promenade. There is a special interest in the present scene, for the Princess of Wales, on the arm of her son, the hero of the day, leads the way, the Prince in the uniform of the Norfolk Artillery Militia, the Princess in pomegranate-red and gold, looking her very loveliest, and seeming rather the sister than the mother of the Prince. His three young sisters follow, as the occasion is a special one, all in white, and a quadrille is made up of the house party.

So the ball is opened, and for hours afterwards, long after the day of the coming of age has passed, the colours of that gay floor shift and vary, as one looks down from the gallery, like the changes of a kaleidoscope.—The birthday was also celebrated in various ways in other parts of the country, especially at Balmoral, where there was a feast, presided over by Dr. Profeit, Her Majesty's Commissioner. A bonfire also was lighted on the Hill of Craigowan. The tenantry of the Prince of Wales on the estate of Birkhall celebrated the occasion with hearty Highland enthusiasm. A colossal pile of wood was burnt on the summit of Tomfour, a hill commanding a splendid view of the Dee Valley, and a supper and ball afterwards took place, under the presidency of Mr. Lauchlan Mackinnon.

THE TRIAL OF MADAME CLOVIS HUGUES

NEVER has a greater judicial farce been enacted than the trial last week of Madame Clovis Hugues for shooting the detective Morin in Paris. The lady not only admitted the murder, but gloried in it; the prosecuting counsel, in urging the jury to convict, held out as an inducement that the punishment would be only five years' imprisonment, and even this would probably be remitted by "the well-known clemency of President Grévy"; while the jury themselves, in pronouncing Madame Hugues guiltless of a murder which she acknowledged, and which was witnessed by a score of persons, at the same time condemned her to pay 80*l.* to her victim's father as compensation for the loss of his son. To recapitulate the facts of the case, the detective Morin had been employed by a Madame Lenormand to ferret out evidence against her husband, and had made certain utterly unsound accusations against Madame Hugues. For this he was prosecuted for libel, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Morin, however, by constant appeals managed to delay the execution of the sentence, and in the mean time Madame Hugues received numerous insulting post-cards grossly reflecting upon her character. These she attributed to Morin, who, despite his condemnation, refused to retract or apologise for the libels, although told that M. Hugues would then get his sentence lightened. Finally, Madame Hugues determined to avenge her wrongs herself, and on Nov. 27, Morin's appeal having been again heard and adjourned, Madame Hugues fired a revolver at her calumniator as he was leaving the Court, and fatally wounded him. The wretched man lingered for some days in excruciating agonies, but before his death managed to scrawl a line to say that he himself was innocent of sending the post-cards. Madame Hugues was arrested on the spot, her husband exclaiming, "Well done, my Jeannette; you are an angel! we are avenged."

for the crime. She declared that if she had had fifty rounds in her revolver she would have fired them all at Morin, and that she had killed him "because he had tried to rob me—a wife and mother—of what a woman holds to be most sacred, my honour." After a long examination she was asked whether she regretted what she had done. "I meant to kill the man," she exclaimed, "and I killed him. I regret that he compelled me to kill him, and that I caused him so much suffering—but as to any remorse, I feel none." Twenty-six witnesses were next examined, not wholly with regard to the murder, but to show the part which Morin had taken in raking up false evidence against Madame Hugues. Madame Corbion, whom our artist has depicted, was the concierge of a house where Madame Hugues had lived before she was married, and from whom Morin falsely stated that he had obtained his evidence. Considerable sensation was caused by the declaration in the box of M. Anatole de la Forge, a Deputy, who declared that men of all parties in the Chamber spontaneously sympathised with Madame Hugues. Evidence was adduced that Morin did not write the libellous post-cards, but Madame Hugues insisted that he must at least have inspired them. At seven o'clock in the evening the Court adjourned for two hours, and then came the address of Maître Bernard who, while admitting all due extenuating circumstances, urged the jury to show at least some respect for the law by returning a verdict of guilty. Maître Angeli followed, claiming damages on behalf of Morin's father, and then came Maître Gatineau, the counsel for the defence, who eloquently pleaded the cause of his client, drawing a touching picture of the sufferings she had been caused by the fifteen months' incessant persecution to which she had been subjected, and from which the law had failed to protect her. He did not finish before two in the morning, when the jury almost immediately returned a verdict of not guilty either of murder or of premeditation, but ordered Madame Hugues to indemnify the father of the deceased with a sum of 80*l.* On the verdict becoming known, Madame Hugues received a tremendous ovation in Court, and being released, returned to her home with her husband.

"MATT"

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new serial story, illustrated by Joseph Nash, is continued on page 57.

AN ARTIST'S TOUR AMONG THE ARABS

See page 65.

NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.—*Apropos* of an interesting Christmas-Tree Entertainment which recently took place at this Institution, we may venture to call the attention of our readers to its claims. It is situated in a very poor neighbourhood (Goldsmith's Row, Hackney Road); the fifty-six beds in the wards are constantly full; about a thousand out-patients are seen every week; and a large number of accident cases are also brought in. The Committee are now in debt to the amount of 4,000*l.*; and subscriptions and donations (which will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. W. L. Barclay, at the Hospital), are solicited to cover the deficiency.

plication which they most detested—the convict invasion of the South Seas.

PRESIDING at a meeting of North Kensington Liberals, Sir Charles Dilke predicted that the land question will press in the new Parliament for very early treatment, and that of a very much more Radical kind than had been suggested by many Liberals. Referring to the report that 15 millions were being spent on the relief of General Gordon, he called this a ridiculous mis-statement. The Government had been assured, he added, of the baselessness of the rumour that Germany is endeavouring to negotiate a protectorate over Zanzibar.

THE USUALLY QUIET TOWN of Ipswich, which, however, is represented by that most energetic Radical, Mr. Jesse Collings, became on Wednesday quite a political focus. Mr. Chamberlain made its local Reform Club a long speech, and it was the scene of a Conference of the National Liberal Federation. The President of the Board of Trade both defended and developed the programme of legislation which he recently announced at Birmingham, and which has been regarded as Socialistic. He now avows himself opposed to emigration, and would find work and employment for our citizens at home. He proposes to go back to the old freehold-system and re-establish the peasant and the yeoman. Meanwhile every agricultural labourer is to have a small allotment of land and a decent dwelling. The inclusion of personal property in the area of local taxation was also recommended, and the justice of a graduated income tax suggested. The criticisms on Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech have evidently not induced him to make the expression of his opinions more acceptable to his critics.

THE INCREASE in the value of the exports of British and Irish produce to our Colonies, simultaneously with the decrease in the value of the same exports to foreign countries, is leading the working classes to regard the Colonial question as one deeply affecting their interests. On Wednesday a conference, summoned by the London Working Men's Association, was held to consider the desirability of Imperial federation. A resolution was carried affirming the necessity of establishing an inseparable fiscal and political union, or federation between the mother-country and the Colonies, regard being especially had to the present extreme industrial competitive and prohibitive fiscal policy of other countries.

AT THE REQUEST OF SIR ARTHUR BASS, M.P., Professor Leone Levi has completed and published an investigation into the wages and earnings of the working classes of the United Kingdom, in continuation of the similar investigations for 1867 and 1879, which he undertook at the instance of the late Sir Michael Bass. One of the most important of the results arrived at is, that the number of earners of all kinds in the United Kingdom in 1884 being taken at 12,200,000, the amount of earnings per head has risen from 38*l.* in 1867 to 43*l.* in 1884.

"LADY DOCTORS" are already an institution. Ireland, it seems, is to have "lady surgeons." A special meeting of the Fellows of the Dublin College of Surgeons it has been decided by 25 to 11 votes that women shall be admitted to the diploma of the college.

THE PERIL TO LIFE AND LIMB incurred by pedestrians crossing

from and to the Mansion House among vehicles of every kind has become so great as to call pressingly for a remedy. At the meeting, this week, of the City Commissioners of Sewers, general approval was bestowed on a scheme for the construction of four radiating subways, and also a circular chamber, surrounded by a pavement, six feet in width, in the centre of the roadway between the Mansion House and the Bank, to serve as a refuge for foot passengers who prefer crossing above ground.

A TELEGRAM has been received announcing the death, at the age of 36, in Texas, of the Earl of Aylesford, whose matrimonial complications and financial embarrassments have been brought painfully before the public during recent years. He quitted England two or three years ago to try cattle farming on a large ranche which he had purchased in Texas, and was described as enjoying keenly his new pursuit. He paid us a flying visit last summer, and, not forgetful of the turf on which he had spent so large a part of his patrimony, he saw, for the last time, the Derby run.

THE DEATH is also announced of Mr. P. J. Smyth, late Member for Tipperary, in his sixty-second year, a few weeks after he had received a Government appointment in Ireland worth 300/- a-year. A Repealer of the old school, Mr. P. J. Smyth forfeited his Irish popularity by denouncing the Land League, and refusing to do the bidding of Mr. Parnell. His speeches were singularly powerful, polished, and pointed, and when he rose he always commanded the ear of the House of Commons.

OUR OBITUARY further includes the death of Cluny Macpherson, chief of the Clan Macpherson, in his eightieth year; of Sir W. H. F. Mitchell, President of the Legislative Council of Victoria, through eating poisonous fish; of Mr. Jervis White Jervis, Consul at Ajaccio, in his thirty-third year; of Mr. William Cope, Recorder of Bridgenorth, in his seventy-second year; of Mr. John Deedes, Bencher and formerly Treasurer of the Inner Temple, at an advanced age; of Mr. W. H. Drury, Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Ireland; of Mr. John Whitehead, formerly President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and architect of St. Stephen's Club and the Grand Hotel, Brighton, among other buildings of some note; and of Mr. Thomas Jackson, of Eltham Park, Kent, in his seventy-fifth year. Mr. Jackson began life at the age of eight as a boy labourer on the Birmingham Canal, and without extraneous aid rose to be one of the greatest contractors of his time. Among the most notable of his many successful enterprises was the restoration of the navigability of the Caledonian Canal, and the construction of the gigantic Alderney Breakwater.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR

THE eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales was born on the 5th of January, 1864, at Frogmore House, Windsor Park, where his parents were then staying for the first Christmas after their wedding, which had taken place on the 10th of March in the preceding year.

At his baptism by Archbishop Longley, in the Private Chapel of Buckingham Palace, he received the names of Albert (after the late Prince Consort) Victor (after Her Majesty) Christian (after his maternal grandfather, the King of Denmark) Edward (after Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen, who, had he survived his elder brother William, would have been King Edward VII. of England). The first and last of the four names given to the child were also the same as those chosen by the Prince Consort and the Queen for the Prince of Wales at his baptism.

During his early life he frequently accompanied his parents on their periodical visits to the Continent, especially in the regular sojourn which the Princess of Wales always makes every other autumn at the Court of her father; so that Copenhagen and Bernsdorff soon became to him quite like a second home. His education was conducted under the immediate supervision of his parents by means of various governesses, English, French, and German, till 1871, in which year he first passed under the charge of a resident private tutor, Mr. Dutton.

During the dark and anxious days of the Prince of Wales's almost mortal illness in the winter of the same year he was at Windsor Castle with the Queen, and made his first appearance at any public function when Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales took him with them to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's on the 27th February, 1872. During his parents' absence abroad the following spring he was resident at Chiswick House with his brother and sisters, under the care of Lady Caroline Barrington; but during the absence of the Prince of Wales in India, the greater part of the time he was in Denmark with his mother.

The annual visits of Canon Kingsley to Sandringham were always anticipated with much pleasure both by him and his brother, and the Canon's death in January, 1875, was a real sorrow to them both. About this time the project was discussed of sending both brothers to a public school. Eton and Wellington were the two that naturally suggested themselves as most desirable; but ultimately it was determined that a naval training would give the two Princes most, if not all, of the moral benefits of a public-school education, and at the same time offered other additional advantages. Accordingly the mathematical preparation of the two Princes was entrusted to the late Professor W. H. Drew, of King's College, London, from which institution other Professors had from time to time attended at Marlborough House to give instruction, e.g., M. Mariette for French and Mr. Delamotte for Drawing.

In the summer of 1877 the elder Prince had a serious attack of typhoid fever, when the disease ran through exactly the same phases and periods day by day, and almost hour by hour, as in the case of his father, curiously demonstrating how thoroughly similar were the constitutions of father and son. In the autumn of the same year he entered the Royal Navy, and joined H.M.S. *Britannia*, Captain H. Fairfax, R.N. During his two years' residence at Dartmouth Mr. Lawless was his special Naval Instructor for Mathematics, and the rest of his studies he took along with the other cadets on board, under the regular staff of Instructors in the training-ship. Out of school-hours and on half-holidays, football and other games on shore in the cricket field, running with the beagles, riding, swimming, boating alone, or with other cadets, either sailing or rowing on the broad waters of the Dart added to the store of vigorous health which he and his brother have since then always enjoyed; and that they were not behind their competitors in these sports is shown by their each having won prizes in the Naval Cadets' Regatta with their several boats.

In July, 1879, he was gazetted to H.M.S. *Bacchante*, Captain Lord Charles Scott, which ship had been commissioned in the preceding spring, and was under orders to proceed to the West Indies. She joined the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in command of the North American and West Indian Station, on December 25th, 1879, at Barbadoes, and was afterwards ordered to proceed to Trinidad, Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Martinique, Dominica, St. Thomas, and Jamaica. It was in these islands that the Prince received his first introduction to tropical scenery, of which afterwards he saw so much in various parts of the world. He was promoted to Midshipman on the 8th of January, 1880.

The *Bacchante* afterwards proceeded to Bermuda, but was recalled home in the summer of 1880, as was also the *Tourmaline* from the same station, as they were required to join the Fourth Flying Squadron which the Lords of the Admiralty were about to despatch, under Rear-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, for the training of young seamen and marines. The other ships of the

squadron were *The Inconstant* (flag ship), Captain Fitzgerald; the *Cleopatra*, Captain Durrant; the *Tourmaline*, Captain Deniston; and the *Carysfort*, Captain Stephenson. As the training which the young Prince was receiving on board the *Bacchante* was found to be answering admirably in the development of his manliness, self-reliance, and health (for both Princes in all that belongs to the duty of midshipmen, whether in sail drill aloft on the yards, or in charge of boats away from the ship in all weathers, had been from the very beginning treated exactly as any ordinary officer of the same standing, and so by this time had become thoroughly handy and hardy), and as the cruise which the Admiralty proposed for the squadron seemed to afford an opportunity for his visiting many parts of the world which otherwise he would probably never see, it was determined that he should continue his naval career under the care of Lord Charles Scott.

The squadron proceeded first to Vigo, thence to Madeira, the Cape de Verde Islands, the River Plate, Uruguay, the Argentine Confederation, and the Falkland Islands. They were to have gone through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific, and then, after visiting Chili and Peru, would have sailed by the Galapagos Islands to San Francisco, and so north, and have arrived in the following spring at British Columbia, and thence have gone to the Sandwich Islands; but the Transvaal War breaking out the squadron was suddenly ordered by telegraph to sail straight from the Falkland Islands half round the globe to the Cape of Good Hope. On their arrival there, however, their services were not required. They were present in Simon's Bay when the British were defeated at Majuba Hill by the Boers, and when General Roberts and the transports full of troops arrived from England.

A change of plans having again been determined upon, General Roberts returned by the next mail to England; not a man from the fleet nor of the troops was landed; and peace having been concluded with the Boers, the squadron was ordered to proceed to Singapore. Before they had started these orders were changed, and they were ordered to proceed to Melbourne. On the passage thither the rudder of the *Bacchante* was broken in two (through defective construction at Portsmouth), and the ship, separated from the squadron, was for a time in considerable jeopardy, but was able to bear up to the nearest port, which was Albany, in Western Australia. Here she was detained some time patching up the rudder; the young Prince meanwhile proceeded to Adelaide, and afterwards travelled overland through South Australia to Victoria. He and his brother were transferred at Melbourne to the *Inconstant*, and proceeded in that ship to Sydney. From Sydney the squadron went north to Queensland, and after completing a quarter of a year in Australian waters sailed to Fiji. From Fiji they went to Yokohama, and afterwards to Kobe, in Japan. Most of the officers of the squadron, and amongst them the young Princes, had a few days' leave ashore at these places, during which they made a run to Kioto and Nara, and also paid a visit to the Mikado at Tokio. From Simonoseki the squadron proceeded to China, calling at Shanghai, Ningpo, Amoy, and Hong Kong. Here Vice-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam hauled down his flag, and the Flying Squadron was broken up. The *Cleopatra* received orders to remain on the China station (where she is still), but first to convoy the *Bacchante* to Singapore, Colombo, and Suez, as the latter ship was now required to join the Flag of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour in the Mediterranean, which she did with all despatch. The young Prince, on arrival at Ismailia, obtained leave from the captain to visit the Khedive at Cairo, and with other naval officers went up the Nile as far south as Assouan and the First Cataract.

On rejoining the *Bacchante* at Alexandria, that ship, convoyed by H.M.S. *Iris*, Captain Seymour, was ordered by the Admiral to proceed to Joppa. The Prince spent six weeks in the Holy Land in the spring of 1882. The *Bacchante*, convoyed by H.M.S. *Monarch*, Captain H. Fairfax, proceeded from Beyrouth to Athens; thence, with the *Iris*, to Suda Bay, in Crete, where the whole Mediterranean squadron of ironclads was then assembled, in view of their being required at Alexandria, whether the Admiral had already gone. The *Bacchante* would have been of no service for the bombardment of that city, and, as the three years of her commission were nearly at an end, she was ordered home to England and paid off at the end of August that year. After a short time at home with his parents the young Prince again left England, and proceeded, under the care of M. Gabriel Hua, to Lausanne, for the purpose of studying the French language. He remained there for six months till May, 1883. On the 8th of January in that year he was gazetted a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve. The same summer he was entered as a "pensioner" (or ordinary undergraduate) at Trinity College, Cambridge, under Mr. Joseph Prior, the Senior College Tutor; and went into residence in October, 1883. He has had various private tutors for his historical studies (Mr. James K. Stephen, of King's College, Cambridge, son of Sir Fitzjames Stephen, and Mr. Tanner, of St. John's, amongst others). He has regularly attended the lectures, not only of Professors Seeley during every one of the terms he has been at Trinity College, but also those of Mr. B. E. Hammond, of Trinity College, and of Mr. G. W. Prothero, of King's. Besides this, he has also prosecuted his studies in German and English literature. Meanwhile he mingles freely in all the life of the other younger members of the University: the river, the racket court (and in summer the lawn-tennis ground), the A.D.C., the Pitt Club are all haunts that know him well; and often he may be seen riding in the neighbourhood of Cambridge with his friends, or playing at hockey in the Trinity cricket-field. He resided for the long vacation, from June till September, with Professor Ihne, at Heidelberg, for the better study of German, but returned to Cambridge last October. When he has completed another two terms' residence there, he will have spent as long a period at the University as his father did (although the Prince of Wales halved his two years between Oxford and Cambridge), but not so long as his uncle, Prince Leopold, was at Oxford. In the October term, 1884, the Prince passed the usual examination before the Military Board for a Lieutenant's Commission in the University Rifle Volunteer Corps, of which, both by his assiduous attendance at drills and shooting at the butts, he had in previous terms become an efficient member.

We realise how quickly time flies by observing that, during the short quarter of a century that has elapsed since his birth, not only has Lord Palmerston died, but also there have taken place the wars between Prussia and Austria and between England and Abyssinia (the last at a cost of over ten million pounds sterling); the French Empire has capitulated at Sedan; Rome has been made the capital of Italy, and the German Empire has been re-established. At home the Irish State Church has been abolished, and no less than two peaceful revolutions have been accomplished by the Reform Bills of 1867 and 1884; while that which testifies as strongly as anything to the growth of Radical change amongst us is the fact that he who is the Heir to the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies and dependencies thereof (practically the titular head of the English race throughout the world), enters upon his manhood and the full rights of an English citizen, not even as a Peer, but only as a commoner, and without the prospect, or apparently the desire, of obtaining a penny of the public money. Should anything occur to the Prince of Wales during the life-time of the Queen, his son would not succeed him in that title, which is a separate creation on each occasion, and therefore would die with the present occupant; neither would he be Duke of Cornwall, for that Duchy is held, according to the terms of the patent, by the first-born son of the Sovereign, and by him alone, and none other.



POST-CARDS were introduced in China with the New Year.

ARSENICAL POISONING has had a serious effect on the Crown Princess of Sweden. For some time lately the Princess has been gradually declining in health, and at last her illness has been traced to the arsenic in the hangings and decorations of her apartments at the Stockholm Palace.

ANOTHER ROYAL BOOK will be forthcoming this spring. Princes Albert Victor and George have written an account of their travels in the *Bacchante* which will appear at the end of March or beginning of April, as a good-sized work in two volumes, profusely illustrated. The contents are based on the diaries which the young Princes carefully made up daily under all circumstances.

THE GERMAN COLONIES IN AFRICA are being so carefully fostered in every aspect that even the recreations of the colonists are considered. Thus a library is to be established at Angra Pequena, and the public have been asked to contribute books and newspapers, which will be conveyed free. By the way, Germany now proudly echoes the British boast that the "sun never sets upon her Empire," and a Berlin journal points out that whilst Teutons at home were keeping New Year's Eve, their newly acquired countrymen in New Guinea were wishing each other a Happy New Year.

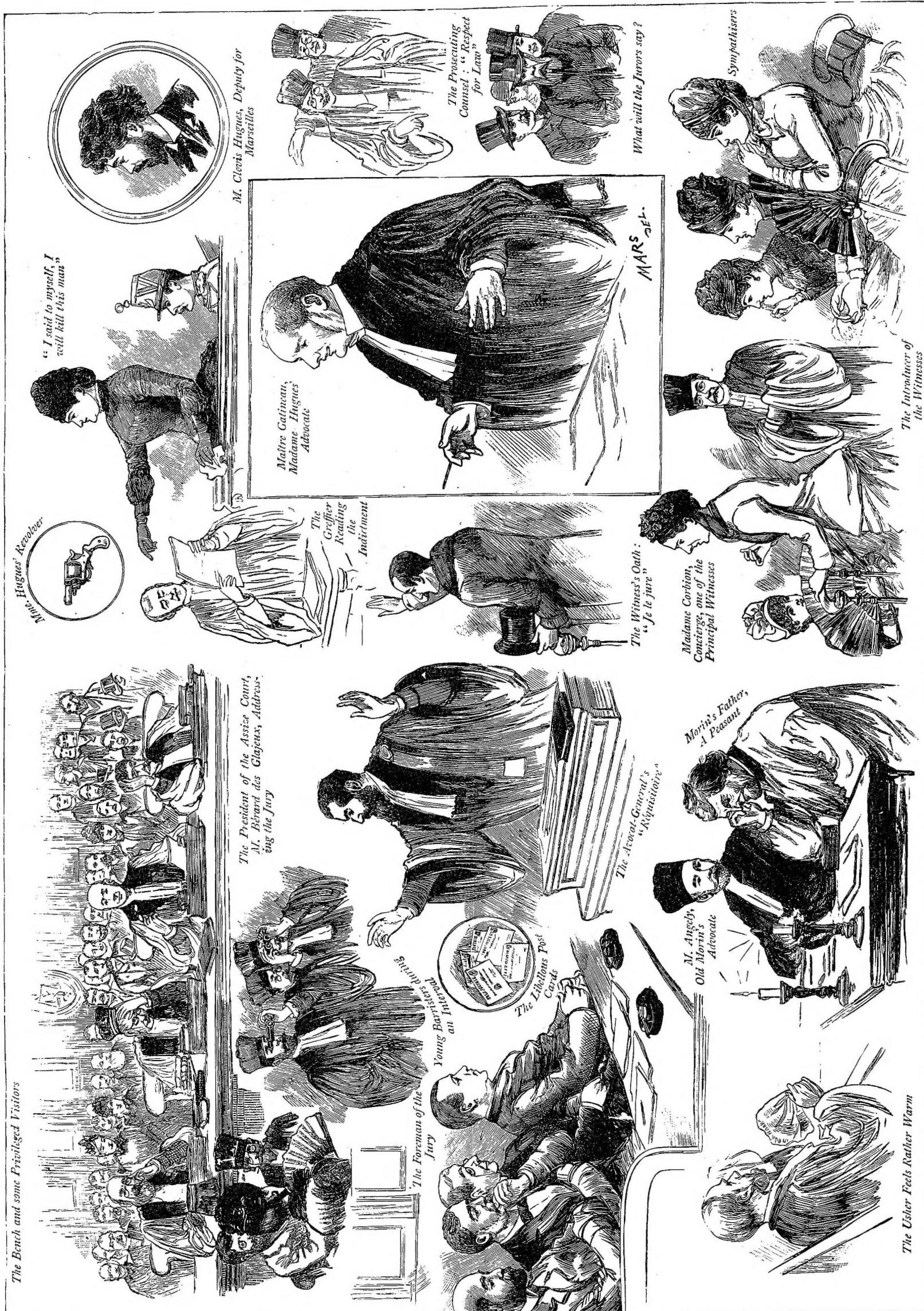
THE GENERAL DEPRESSION IN PARIS throughout the past year, due to the bad state of trade, the cholera, and various other causes, reacted seriously upon the theatres. The receipts of nearly all the chief places of amusement fell off considerably, particularly at the end of 1884, while it is many years since so few original plays were produced during the twelvemonth. It is hoped that 1885 may prove more fruitful, and great expectations are set upon M. Alexandre Dumas' new drama *Vivise*, which was to come out at the *Français* last (Friday) night. The public are specially curious about *Dense*, because M. Dumas has rigidly prohibited all the hints and descriptions generally given of any important new piece; and would not allow even the literary critics to attend the dress rehearsal. Another coming novelty is a "grand patriotic drama" at the Château d'Eau — "The French in Tonkin."

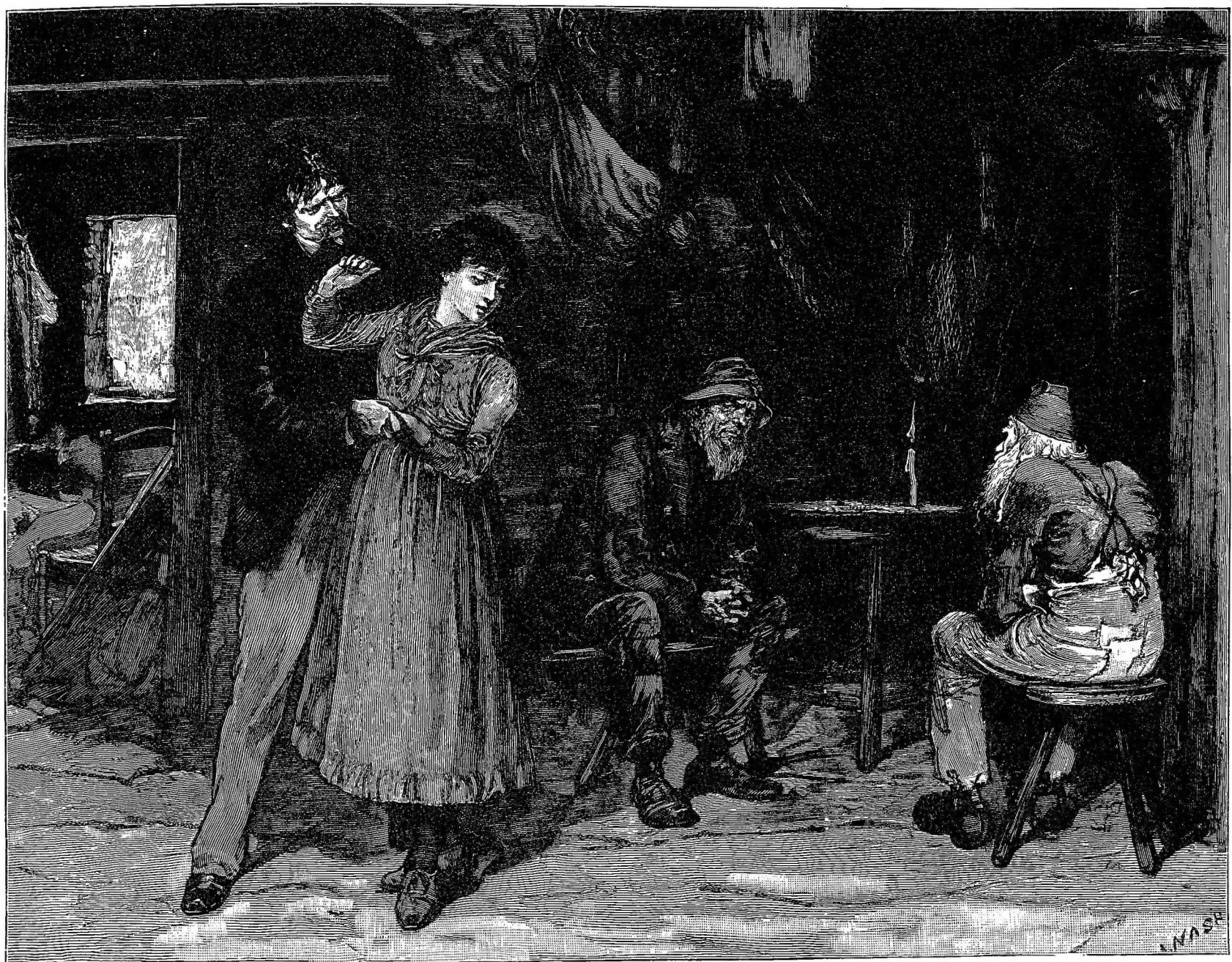
NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS are regularly exchanged between the clerks at the Berlin Post Office and the postal officials in other countries, and some quaint and pretty cards are received. England sent "Christmas and New Year's Greetings" on tasteful coloured cards, the Hungarians contributed a very dainty missive representing the back of an envelope, bearing the crown of St. Stephen for seal, and a painted carte de visite with congratulatory scroll, France despatched her good wishes for the first time since the formation of the Postal Union, America was most gorgeously represented, and the most distant message came from Hobart Town, Tasmania, with a beautiful view of the city. From Turks and West Indians to Italians and Danes, scarcely one nation was omitted, and the German inland towns also contributed messages, the Berlin newspaper Post Office sending a card engraved with the thirty-six Berlin newspapers in miniature print.

AN ARTISTIC CRISIS is being experienced by French painters just now, who find a grievous stagnation in the sale of pictures, sculpture, and all Art objects. They attribute most of their distress to the exorbitant American protective tariff, which has most disastrously affected French Art, the value of the pictures imported into the United States having fallen from some 387,730/- in the year preceding the new duties to 138,974/- in 1884. Further, in Paris the present fancy leans more to the exhibitions of works by dead rather than living painters. Thus the next important collection shown in Paris will be the pictures of Eugène Delacroix, to be exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in March, while connoisseurs are deeply interested in the beautiful art-collection of the Baron Davilliers, which is displayed in the Louvre previous to the pottery section being sent to the Sévres Museum. This gathering is especially rich in Spanish Art, notably a magnificent tapestry — "The Coronation of the Virgin" — exactly 400 years old and scarcely faded, which has been called the Queen of Tapestries. A terra-cotta statuette of Perseus is attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and the porcelain, enamels, and ivories are of rare beauty.

LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,956 deaths were registered against 1,918, a rise of 38, being 32 above the average, and at the rate of 250 per 1,000. There were 34 deaths from small-pox (a rise of one, and exceeding the average by 9; the number of patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals at the end of last week was 1,001; there were 14 deaths from measles (a decline of 8), 16 from scarlet fever (a fall of 12), 26 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 38 from whooping-cough (a rise of 8), 15 from enteric fever (an increase of 4), one from an ill-defined form of fever, 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 4), and not one either from typhus fever or from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 609, an increase of 72, and 93 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths: 47 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 21 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year from suffocation. There were 2,816 births registered, against 3,283 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 720. The mean temperature of the air was 38° deg. and 0°3 deg. above the average. Rain fell on four days, to the aggregate amount of 0°57 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 7°1 hours, against 10°2 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

HERAT, so famous of late years from the discussions respecting its strategical importance, was one of the most interesting points visited by the Afghan Boundary Commission, and the first detailed description of the city which has appeared for some years is given by the *Times of India* correspondent. Mist concealed Herat as the Mission approached through the suburbs, where crowds of huge white dogs rushed at the Europeans, and had to be stoned by the villagers before they slunk off. The villagers themselves were friendly enough. The Afghan type had disappeared, and the faces were either European, with a ruddy glow, or round, soft, red-and-white Persian, with happy expressions, very different from the morose Afghan proper. On ascending the hill commanding the Herat plain, the city and valley could at last be distinguished "in their aspect of winter desolation and decay." The plain was dotted with ruins, notably the solitary remains of the Musalla — or place of prayer; "tottering towers and shattered walls were numerous." The haze over the city scarcely permitted its outlines to be seen, and gave a phantom appearance to the mountain masses which shelter Herat, "the great mass of Koh-i-Band-i-Baba spreading to the east and closing the valley, and to the west sinking in the deep rose peaks." The city walls appeared to be dilapidated on the south side, whether from crumbling or irregularity of the wall could not be seen. The town is rectangular, and seems to cover an area of about a mile. "In many respects the position is disappointing; it cannot be said to be a strong position, although a mud-walled city with mud houses will give stronger resistance than stone-built and more ponderous structures. There are, however, in the valley many favourable positions from which to strike the city. The Afghans appear to be sensible of this, for I noticed on the south side new works, and what appeared a new fort." The correspondent doubts whether Herat is, after all, the gate of India, and of much strategical importance.





DRAWN BY JOSEPH NASH

"Monk drew her towards him and kissed her on the cheek."

MATT: A NOVEL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUDES WITH A KISS

NOT far from the spot where William Jones had landed, and removed some little distance from the deserted village with its desolate main street and roofless habitations, there stood a low one-storyed cottage, quite as black and forbidding-looking as any of the abandoned dwellings in its vicinity. It was built of stone, and roofed with slate, but the doorway was composed of old ship's timber, and the one small window it contained had originally binned the window of a ship's cabin. Over the door was placed, like a sign, the wooden figure-head of a young woman, naked to the waist, holding a mirror in her hand, and regarding herself with remarkable complacency, despite the fact that accident had deprived her of a nose and one eye, and that the beautiful red complexion and jet black hair she had once possessed had been entirely washed away by the action of the elements, leaving her all over of a leprous pallor. The rest of the building, as I have suggested, was of sinister blackness, though here and there it was sprinkled with wet sea sand. Sand, too, lay on every side, covered a small patch, originally meant for a garden, and drifted thickly up to the very door.

To this cottage William Jones ran with his treasure trove, and entering in without ceremony, found himself in almost total darkness—for the light which crept through the blackened panes of the small windows was only just sufficient to make darkness visible. But this worthy seaside character, having, in addition to a cat's predatory instincts, something of a cat's power of vision, clearly discerned everything in the chamber he just entered—a rude stone-paved kitchen, with an open fireplace, and no grate, black rafters overhead, from which were hung sundry lean pieces of bacon, a couple of wooden chairs, a table, and in one corner a sort of bed in the wall, where a human figure was reposing. Setting down the trunk on the floor, he marched right over to the bed, and unceremoniously shook the individual lying upon it, whom he discovered to be snoring and muttering in a heavy sleep. Finding that he did not wake with shaking, William Jones bent down and cried lustily in his ear:

"Wreck! wreck ashore!"

The effect was instantaneous. The figure rose up in bed, disclosing the head and shoulders of a very old man, who wore a red cotton nightcap, and whose hair and beard were as white as snow.

"Eh? Wheer? Wheer?" he cried in a shrill treble, looking vacantly around him.

"Wake up, old 'un!" said William, seizing him, and shaking him again.

"It's me, William Jones."

"William? Is it my son William?" returned the old man, peering out into the darkness.

"Yes, father. Look ye now, you was a-talking again in your sleep, you was. A good thing no one heerd you but your son William. Some o' these days you'll be letting summat out, you will, if you go on like this."

The old man shook his head feebly, then clasping his hands together in a kind of rapture, he looked at his son, and said:

"Yes, William, I was a-dreaming. Oh, it was such a heavingly dream! I was a-standing on the shore, William, and it was a-blowing hard from the east, and all at once I see a ship as big as an Indiaman, come in wi' all sail set, and go ashore; and I looked round William, dear, and there was no one nigh but you and me;

and when she broke up, I see gold and silver and jewels come washing ashore just like floating weeds, and the drowned, every one o' em, had rings on their fingers, and gold watches and cheens, and more'n that, that their hands was full of shining gold; and one on 'em—a lady, William—had a bright diamond ring, as big as a walnut; but when I tried to pull it off, it wouldn't come—and just as I pulled out my leetle knife to cut the finger off, and put it in my pocket, you shook me, William, and woke me up. O! it was a heavingly dream!"

William Jones had listened with ill-disguised interest to the early part of this speech, but on its conclusion, he gave another grunt of undissembled disgust.

"Well, you're awake now, old 'un, so jump up. I've brought summat home. Look sharp, and get a light."

Thereupon the old man, who was fully dressed, in a pair of old woollen trousers and a guernsey, slipt from the bed, and began fumbling about the room. He soon found what he wanted—a box

of matches and a rude home-made candle, fashioned of a long,

coarse reed dipped in sheep's tallow, but owing to the fact that he was exceedingly feeble and tremulous, he was so long in lighting up that his gentle son grew impatient.

"Here, give 'un to me!" said William. "You're wasting them matches just as if they cost nowt. A precious father you are, and no mistake."

The candle being lit and burning with a feeble flame, he informed the old man of what he had found. In a moment the latter was

down on his knees, opening the box, and greedily examining its contents. But William pushed him impatiently away and closed the lid with a bang.

"Theer, enough o' that, old 'un! You hold the light while I carry the box in and put it away."

"All right, William dear; all right," returned the old man, obeying gleefully. "I know'd we should have luck, by that beautiful dream."

The two men—one holding the light and the other carrying the trunk—passed through a door at the back of the kitchen and entered an inner chamber. This chamber, too, contained a window, which was so blocked up however by lumber of all kinds that little or no daylight entered. Piled up in great confusion were old sacks, some partly full, some empty, coils of rope, broken oars, broken fragments of ships' planks, rotten and barnacled, a small boat's rudder, dirty sails, several oilskin coats, bits of iron ballast, and other flotsam and jetsam; so that the chamber had a salt and fish-like smell, suggesting the hold of some vessel. But in one corner of the room was a small wooden bed, with a mattress and coarse bed-clothing, and hanging on a nail close to it was certain feminine attire which the owner of the caravan would have recognised as the garb worn by Matt on the morning of her first appearance.

Placing the box down, William Jones carefully covered it with a portion of an old sail.

"It's summat, but it ain't much," he muttered discontentedly. "Lucky them coastguards didn't see me come ashore. If they did, though, it wouldn't signify; for what's floating on the sea belongs to him as finds it."

A sound startled him as he spoke, and looking round suspiciously he saw Matt entering the room, loaded with broken wood. But she was not alone; standing behind her in the shadow was a man—none other, indeed, than Monk of Monkshurst.

While Matt entered the room to throw down her load of wood Monk stood in the doorway. His quick eye had noted the movements of father and son.

"More plunder, William Jones?" he asked grimly.

In a moment William Jones was transformed. The keen expression of his face changed to one of mingled stupidity and sadness; he began to whine.

"More plunder, Mr. Monk?" he said; "no, no; the days for finding that is gone. Matt and me has been on the shore foraging for a bit o' firewood,—that be all. Put it down, Matt; put it down."

(Continued on page 66)



THE news from EGYPT mainly relates to the advance of the vanguard of Lord Wolseley's little army to Metemneh, whither General Stewart has gone with a strong detachment of Hussars, mounted infantry, and camel corps to establish communication with General Gordon. One day's halt was to be made at Gakdul Wells, and then a march was to be made direct upon Metemneh, where General Stewart expected to arrive yesterday (Friday). It was considered unlikely that any resistance would be encountered, as the rebels would prefer to make a stand at Omdurman, opposite Khartoum, where they are strongly entrenched. A part of the Naval Brigade has also accompanied General Stewart, and, under Lord Charles Beresford, will be utilised for navigating the Nile between Shendy and Khartoum with the steamers which General Gordon is stated to have on the river. Gakdul Wells are now strongly garrisoned by the Guards, the Marines, and some Engineers and Hussars, under Colonel the Hon. E. Boscowen, and all have been busily at work erecting pumps and hose, so as to bring the water from the upper to the lower reservoirs for the use of the passing troops. Two redoubts have been built, and the position is considered impregnable. Lord Wolseley and General Buller remain for the time at Korti, and will not advance until the main body of the troops have arrived. General Harle is pushing forward up the Nile, and is expected to effect a junction with General Stewart next month, when an advance in force against the Mahdi will be made. Another messenger has arrived from General Gordon, but he was attacked and captured on the road, and his despatches taken from him, with the exception of a tiny piece of paper pronouncing Khartoum to be all right on Dec. 14.

The answer from the French Government to the British proposals for the financial settlement of Egypt is now daily expected. If we are to believe general report, counter-proposals will be put forward which will be made a basis for final negotiations. These are said mainly to suggest a loan of 9,000,000^l, in place of 5,000,000^l, that the Daira and Domain revenues should be kept separate, and a special tax levied on the coupons in lieu of the ½ per cent. reduction of interest. The other Powers are waiting patiently for France and England to come to a preliminary settlement, but Turkey is once more exhibiting her annoyance at seeing her suzerainty of Egypt so completely ignored, and has despatched a special Ambassador to London, Hassan Fehmi Pasha, to lay proposals for Turkish intervention before the British Government. He then visited Berlin on his way, and has gone to Paris. In London he will be joined by Hobart Pasha, who has been specially despatched by the Sultan to assist him in the negotiations.

GERMANY has been startled by a remarkably frank speech from Prince Bismarck, declaring that hostilities with England are all but impossible. The occasion was the debate on the Colonial policy brought about by the request for funds to furnish a steam launch and another vessel to the Governor of the Cameroons. Prince Bismarck naturally enlarged upon the necessity for these vessels, and supported his argument by detailing the recent revolt of the natives under the German Protectorate, which had to be quelled by a landing party from the war vessels *Olga* and *Bismarck*. "We must either give up business in the Cameroons," he remarked, "or establish ourselves there," and then referred to the action of the Pole Kodosinsky, who, animated by the greatest hatred of Germany, urged and procured the declaration of a British protectorate over the coast between Victoria and Calabar, which was thus exempted from German sovereignty. The Prince exonerated the British Government from intentions of thwarting Teutonic colonisation, and dwelling upon the enormous extent of English colonies, declared that it could not always control the acts of its agents. As usual, Dr. Windthorst was Prince Bismarck's chief opponent, but on expressing a doubt of the possibility of maintaining the position of the Empire on land, and at the same time proceeding with colonial expansion, "surrounded as we are by enemies, or by such powers as look at Germany with envy," the Chancellor started again to his feet, and with more than his usual eloquence made the most reassuring statement which has been heard in Europe for years. "Where are the enemies?" he asked. "I see around us only friendly Governments, with which we stand in the closest trustful relations."

Briefly alluding to the good terms which exist between the German Empire and Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain, he declared that the relations with France are better than at any time since 1866, and then launched forth into a most energetic protest against the statements that Germany and England were on bad terms. He acknowledged that it was not surprising that England, "considering that Britannia rules the waves, was somewhat astonished to see land-lubbers like ourselves suddenly take to the water," and stated that if the British Government adopted the opinions of many of its subjects with regard to German colonisation, he should hardly be able to support English policy in other directions, but might be forced to support England's opponents so as to establish a condition of *do ut des*. But, he repeated, "we both live and shall live in good relations with England." As to any possibility of a war with England, "this possibility," the Chancellor continued, "I deny absolutely. It is not in existence, and those questions which are now in dispute are not sufficient to justify any breach of the peace, and I do not know of any other differences which might rise between us. . . . With my diplomatic experience I cannot perceive any reason why a breach of the peace should be possible with England. Our difference of opinion will never, within the limits of human foresight, go so far as not to be capable of settlement by honest goodwill and skilful provident diplomacy." The Prince's speech made a profound impression upon all his hearers, and the vote was at once carried. Other questions of Colonial expansion have also been discussed, particularly a Bill authorising the Government to subsidise steam lines to Australia and the Far East. The desired annexation of Samoa by New Zealand has excited much comment, and Prince Bismarck has made a point of warning the Reichstag of the close watch kept upon the movements of Germany, it being sufficient for her to make the slightest step in the direction of any unoccupied country to find it immediately annexed by another Power.

In FRANCE the Chambers reopened on Tuesday. Next day, upon an interpellation by M. Raoul Duval, M. Ferry made another energetic defence of his policy in Tonkin, and again declared that the expedition was not directed against the integrity of China, but only to maintain French rights. General Leval followed and stated that there was very little difference between his policy and that of his predecessor, General Campenon, but that it was at his instance that the direction of the Tonquin Expedition had been placed under the War Office in place of the Admiralty. He protested against the outcry at sending a few thousand men out of the country, and asked if the whole army was to remain "immoveable, crouching, and so to speak mesmerised in contemplation of the Eastern frontier." Other topics of interest have been the trial of Madame Clovis Hugues, described in another column, the reinforcements which are being despatched to Tonkin, and a revolt in Cambodia. This, though officially reported to be an insignificant rising, is a matter of very considerable importance, the Cambodians

not being mere scattered atoms, like the Tonkinese, but possessing strong feudal customs and ties. Operations in Tonkin are to be vigorously pushed forward during the ensuing three months, in order to drive the Chinese back to the frontier and provide against any future invasion. This accomplished, some vulnerable point in China is to be attacked, and the Chinese compelled to yield to the French terms. Returning to home affairs, M. Paul Bert has made a vigorous onslaught on the Government for its moderation, especially with regard to the Senate. The Cabinet, he declared, while hoisting Radical colours, had always sided with the Moderates, and thus disappointed public expectations.—Paris has been startled by an affray in the office of the *Cri du Peuple*. This journal had sneered at two brothers, named Ballerich, policemen, for the somewhat indiscreet efforts which they had made to track the murderers of their mother. The Ballerichs had requested, but had been refused, permission to prosecute the editor, and therefore determined to take vengeance in their own hands. Accordingly, they paid a visit to M. Valles, armed with revolvers and a dagger. One fired at the sub-editor, the other attacked a member of the staff, M. Quercy, with a drawn sword. M. Quercy, however, though down on the ground, fired and wounded one of the brothers. This affair, in conjunction with Madame Hugues' trial, has been made the text of the growing disposition of Parisians to adopt the fashions of the Far West, and even private grievances with the revolver.

In SPAIN King Alfonso has been visiting the districts devastated by the recent earthquakes, and doing his best to alleviate distress by distributing relief to the thousands of houseless victims. He first visited Granada and Loja, where the streets were almost deserted, the greater part of the inhabitants having left. The district chiefly affected lies within a quadrangle formed by Granada on the north-east, Motril on the south-east, Antequera to the north-west, and Malaga to the south-west—a distance from east to west of sixty-five English miles, and from north to south of thirty-three miles. By far the worst devastation occurred in the eastern half. The total number of deaths is thought to be 830, with an equal number of wounded, while 50,000 persons are reckoned to be dependent on charity. On Sunday the King slept the night at Alhama, and then rode over the Sierra to Arenas del Rey. There scarcely one of the 400 houses in the village had been left standing, and the King was received with hysterical cheering mingled with sobs—some villagers raising loyal cries, others falling on their faces, moaning the words, "Save us; we have nothing left." Of 1,360 inhabitants, 160 were killed and 200 injured. The King then returned to Granada. Subscriptions for the sufferers are coming into Spain from all sides, and the Governor of Gibraltar has offered the loan of 10,000 tents if they should be needed.

In the UNITED STATES there has been a murderous affray between Irish Nationalists in O'Donovan Rossa's office in New York. A recent account of an interview with a Nationalist named Phelan had been published in a Kansas City newspaper, which had created considerable annoyance and alarm amongst the dynamite party. In this Phelan stated that while on a visit to England he had met John Kearney, who had arranged the explosion in the Caledonian Railway Station at Glasgow. Kearney had told him that he had come over from the United States in the British steamer *Queen*, with enough dynamite to "blow up the Pyramids," and had intended to explode it by an infernal machine as soon as the vessel was docked. While endeavouring to fix the machine, however, he was interrupted, and had to land, leaving the dynamite on board. Wishing to prevent any accident, Phelan informed the steamship authorities of this, but was told that the dynamite had already been discovered. He then devoted himself to screening Kearney from the police, as a warrant was out against him, and finally enabled him to escape to France. Owing to the publication of these details Phelan was summoned to New York by O'Donovan Rossa. On reaching the office on Friday week, however, he found Rossa absent, but chatted for a time with another man called Rocky Mountain O'Brien. When the latter left, however, a man named Short came in and attacked Phelan as he sat in his chair, stabbing him a dozen times. Phelan, however, managed to stagger out into the street, pursued by his assailant, who was at once arrested. Phelan, though prostrate on the ground, firing a revolver at him. The Nationalists maintain that the affair was merely the result of a quarrel in the office, Phelan having first drawn his revolver, but Phelan's statement and the general impression is that he was entrapped into the office for the purpose of being murdered as a traitor to the cause. However this may be, the result promises to be good for the cause of order. The Americans are protesting against such miscreants being permitted to hatch their diabolical plots under the protection of the United States. The more reputable Irish party also are endeavouring to separate themselves from the dynamitards, and to found an American Irish Parliamentary Committee which shall provide salaries for Irish members of Parliament on condition that only constitutional methods of opposition should be employed. There is also a split in the ranks of the dynamitards themselves. The National Steamship Company deny Phelan's statement that dynamite was found on the *Queen*.—Another news item of interest is that Mr. Vanderbilt has generously offered to relieve General Grant from his debt of 37,000^l, but that the latter has declined the offer. General Grant, however, has been placed on the Army Retired List as General with full pay.—The Nicaraguan Treaty has been favourably reported upon by the Senate Committee.—Mr. Schuyler Colfax, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives and Vice-President of the United States, died suddenly on Tuesday.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear that ITALY is preparing an expedition to permanently occupy Assab Bay. The Tiber has overflowed its banks at Rome, and the low-lying parts of the city have been inundated.—In HUNGARY there has been much Parliamentary discussion respecting a Customs Union for Central Europe, to compete with American agriculturists and English manufacturers.—CHINA and JAPAN have decided to refer the Corean dispute to the arbitration of England, Germany, and the United States.—In INDIA the organic reforms in Hyderabad have now been completed.—In AUSTRALASIA the German annexation of New Guinea continues to excite the strongest possible protestations, and public demonstrations have been held in Melbourne and other towns. New Zealand, alarmed at the Teutonic colonial expansion fever, telegraphed to Lord Granville for permission to annex the Samoan Islands, and held a steamer in readiness to take immediate steps to that effect on the receipt of his reply. It is stated, however, that England and Germany have come to an agreement that these islands should be annexed by neither Power.

THE Queen will remain in the Isle of Wight for five weeks longer. Prince Henry of Battenberg has left Osborne for Germany, but the Duchess of Albany and her children are still with Her Majesty, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg remain at Kent House. Prince and Princess Louis dined with the Queen on Saturday night. Next morning Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Albany attended Divine Service at Osborne,

where Canon Prothero officiated. On Monday morning Her Majesty and the Princesses drove out to meet the Seaforth Highlanders on the march, and witnessed the march-past of the battalion in the Osborne grounds. It is reported that Her Majesty will visit Darmstadt in the spring to be present at the Confirmation of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse.

The festivities at Sandringham in honour of Prince Albert Victor's majority closed on Saturday with a meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Sandringham House, where the Prince and Princess gave a hunt breakfast, and, notwithstanding the wet weather, followed the hounds with their family and guests. The chief entertainments of last week, together with the presents and addresses offered to the young Prince, are described in another column. Some of the guests, including Prince and Princess Christian, left on Saturday afternoon, when the German Ambassador arrived to decorate Prince Albert Victor with the Order of the Black Eagle on behalf of Emperor William. Next morning the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, and the other visitors attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Tarver preached. The Royal party broke up on Monday, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, with the remaining guests, came up to town, leaving the Princess of Wales and her sons and daughters at Sandringham. In the evening the Prince of Wales accompanied Prince Leiningen to Covent Garden Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh left town on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian.

The Mausoleum at Farnborough which the ex-Empress Eugenie has been constructing to receive the bodies of her husband and son is now finished, but the remains of Napoleon III., and the Prince Imperial will not be removed from Chislehurst before Whitsuntide—the anniversary of the Prince Imperial's death—in order that the chief members of the Bonapartist Family may be present. The ex-Empress at the end of last week attended a commemorative service at Chislehurst on the anniversary of Napoleon III.'s death.—The Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden is stated to be engaged to Princess Hilda of Nassau, daughter of Duke Adolphus, whose dominions were annexed by Prussia in 1866. This forthcoming marriage of Emperor William's grandson is regarded in Germany as a reconciliation between the Imperial House and the dispossessed Nassau line.—Prince Augustus of Württemberg, cousin to the King, and second claimant to the throne, has just died at the age of seventy-two. He greatly distinguished himself in the Austrian and Franco-Prussian wars.



THE OPERA.—It is now, we regret to hear, almost decided that no season of the Royal Italian Opera will take place this year. Most of the chief artists have refused to make any reduction in their extravagantly high salaries, and at present prices Italian Opera is well nigh impracticable. Two managers are willing to take Covent Garden, Mr. Maurice Strakosch proposes opera at moderate prices, with Madame Adler-Davies and Mlle. Donadio as chief artists. Herr Pollini projects a duplicate season, that is to say, two nights weekly for German opera, with the gracious Frau Sucher as *prima donna*; and two nights a week for Italian opera, with Madame Patti, if he can get her. A third candidate, Herr Franke, is arranging for two performances of *Siegfried*, and of *Die Walküre* (the two middle operas of the *Nibelungen Ring* series), and two of *Tristan und Isolde*, with Frau Lehmann and Fraulein Brandt as chief artists, and Herr Hans Richter as conductor. Meanwhile, Mr. Augustus Harris has heard nothing more from Mr. Mapleson, who had entered into negotiations for an Italian Opera Season at Drury Lane in June. The prospects of Italian and German Opera are therefore at present somewhat doubtful. The most promising season is that announced by Mr. Carl Rosa of English Opera between Easter and June. One of the chief novelties, the English version of M. Massenet's *Manon*, will be produced at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, to-night. Mr. Carl Rosa wisely wishes his artists to become thoroughly familiar with their parts before he subjects the opera to the judgment of London audiences and critics. Madame Marie Rose will play *Manon*, the music of which has been partly re-written for her by M. Massenet.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Madame Essipoff made her reappearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday night, and played, besides some piano solos by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Godard, in Rubinstein's Pianoforte Trio in G minor, Op. 15. The work is not a favourable specimen of the talent of the great virtuoso, nor was Madame Essipoff in her happiest mood.—The attraction of the previous Saturday's concert was Beethoven's Septet for wind and strings, which, as played by Messrs. Straus, Hollander, Lazarus, Mann, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, attracted a great house.—Next Saturday the Haydn Quartet, in which occur the variations on the melody now used as the Austrian National Anthem is announced. It was this tune which Haydn, carried by his own command from his bed to the piano, played solemnly over thrice before he was borne back to his couch to die.—A curious experiment is announced to be tried at Prince's Hall next Wednesday by Mr. Victor Benham. In addition to the ordinary programme of a pianoforte recital, Mr. Benham invites the audience to supply him with three themes, the first for an allegro, the second for an adagio, and the third for a finale, and out of them he promises to improvise a pianoforte sonata in three movements. It is assumed that Mr. Benham will himself supply his own second subjects, subsidiary and other themes, as a sonata first movement founded upon one single subject would not be a particularly lively affair.—Herr Joachim will make his *début* at the Popular Concerts earlier than was expected, viz. on Feb. 14.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—On Wednesday Haydn's *Creation* was performed by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Far more interesting choir performances are, however, at hand, owing chiefly to the fact that the bicentenaries of both Handel and Bach happens this year. The memory of Bach will be observed by a Bach Concert this week under Mr. Manns at Glasgow, and a performance of the "High Mass" in B minor at the Albert Hall in March. As to Handel, apart from the "Festival," we are promised revivals of *Saul* by the newly-formed Handel Society, and of *Belsazar* by the Sacred Harmonic. Both works are comparative novelties, although the "Dead March" in the first-named work is perhaps more familiar to non-musicians than any other piece of music extant. Herr Richter proposes to revive during the season Liszt's opera-oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, which was given once before a wearied audience, nine years ago, by Mr. Walter Bache. The Bach Choir propose to perform, for the first time in London, Dr. Hubert Parry's *Trovatore Unbound*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is reported that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has written, and has dedicated to his wife the Duchess, a volume of verses entitled "Love Songs of a Violinist."—Her Majesty has commanded that the *diapason normal* shall in future be used as the pitch for the Queen's Private Band. Before the change from the high or Philharmonic pitch becomes universal, a large number of the army band instruments will have to be replaced.—Nearly all the great firms have been granted space at

the International Exhibition of Musical Instruments at South Kensington next May. Messrs. Broadwood, Messrs. Collard, and other firms which date back to the last century, will exhibit and compete for the first time since 1862. As the din of some thousands of pianos and organs in the music gallery would be too hideous, a special concert room is to be set apart for recitals. In the Albert Hall will be an exhibition of ancient and historical instruments, besides choral and other competitions.—Mr. Lennox Browne desires us to state that the figures adduced by him in his recent lecture on "Vocalists and Alcohol" referred to male vocalists only.—The Norwich Festival has a net balance of 953/-, or about 100/- more than at the last festival.—At Mr. Ambrose Austin's Burns Concert on the 24th instant, Bishop's cantata *The Jolly Beggars* will be revived. Mr. Sims Reeves and the Glasgow Select choir will sing.—At Wednesday's Ballad Concert two new songs, "May Margaret," by Marzials, sung by Miss Mary Davies; and "Our Last Waltz," by Molloy, sung by Madame de Fonblanche, were very favourably received.—We are officially informed that Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Patey, and Trebelli, Miss Annie Marriott; Messrs. Lloyd, Foli, Bridson, King, and Santley, and perhaps Mr. Maas, have been engaged as leading vocalists at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace next June.—Mr. Louis Melbourne announces a series of American Concerts at Prince's Hall, the first to be given on Friday evening, January 23rd.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has been invited to accept the Presidency of the Midland Institute in succession to the American Minister, Mr. J. R. Lowell.

ON SATURDAY the late Bishop of London was buried with great solemnity by the side of his wife in the parish churchyard of Fulham, where rest the remains of most of his predecessors in the See. The funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of prelates, dignitaries and clergymen of the Church, and by representatives both lay and clerical of the home and missionary societies connected with the Church of England. The Funeral Service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Bedford. The death of Bishop Jackson was referred to in the sermons of most of the London clergy on Sunday, and the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching at St. Matthew's, Brixton, spoke of the "holy sorrow" which had thus fallen on the Church of England.

THE REV. J. C. EDGEHILL, Chaplain to the Forces at Portsmouth, has been appointed Chaplain General in succession to the late Bishop Piers Cloughton.

OF THE 80,000/- required by the Bishop of Newcastle's Fund for Church Extension on Tyneside, nearly a half has been paid or promised.

A CONFERENCE OF THE LIBERATION SOCIETY was held this week in London to consider the best means of procuring at the General Election the return of supporters of Disestablishment in the metropolis, suburbs, and Home Counties. Among the resolutions carried was one recommending a due representation of Liberationists in the several local Liberal organisations. The Hon. Lyulph Stanley, who presided, admitted that a section of most sincere and earnest friends of the Society were apprehensive less the step now being taken might prove premature, and thus damage the Dis-establishment cause by dividing the Liberal party.

SIR PHILIP AND LADY ROSE, with their family, have been received into the Church of Rome. Sir Philip Rose is the son and successor of the baronet of the same name and surname, who was a member of the well-known firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton, and for a long time the chief agent of the Conservative party. He was also the legal adviser and intimate friend of Lord Beaconsfield, to whom he owed his baronetcy, and who appointed him his executor and trustee for the Hughenden estates, in care for Mr. Coningsby Disraeli.

"GENERAL" BOOTH gave a detailed account of the operations, recent and prospective, of the Salvation Army, to a crowded public meeting in Exeter Hall, held to bid farewell to the "officers" about to leave for America, India, France, and New Zealand. The statistics of Salvationist progress were, from the General's point of view, very satisfactory. His programme includes the opening in London alone during the next six months of buildings to afford accommodation for 10,000 people, and the despatch of a huge caravan, similar to those used by showmen, for rural propaganda, under ten officers. Two of these are to keep watch and ward by night in order to prevent their movable citadel from being surprised by aggressive "Skeletors."

THE WASHINGTON TIME CONFERENCE.

OUR readers will be aware that a Conference which met at Washington during October last recommended that the meridian of Greenwich should be adopted as the Prime Meridian from which longitudes should be reckoned towards the E. and W. from 0 to 180 degrees; and that a universal day should be adopted, commencing at Greenwich midnight. The latter recommendation has given rise to much speculation as to our time-reckoning of the future, and some persons have gone so far as to have their watches altered in consequence of statements that the Astronomer Royal had intended to begin the new reckoning on January 1st, 1885. It may be well to point out that these statements are not quite accurate; for the only step the Official Head of English Astronomy has taken in the matter at present is to alter the public clock outside Greenwich Observatory by twelve hours, in order that the hands of the clock may point to 0 h. at the beginning of the present civil day, i.e., at midnight. As the clock face is graduated to 24 h., it is thought that by referring to it the public may become familiar with counting from 0 h. to 24 h. instead of the present method. It will, however, be necessary to have more than one such clock, or we fear the number of the general public who see the system will be very limited.

We learn that American and German astronomers are averse to beginning the astronomical day at midnight, and it is extremely improbable that any country will at present go beyond the steps taken by Mr. Christie. Even should the public decide to adopt the practice (used with success by astronomers) of counting the hours from 0 h. to 24 h., we fail to see the necessity of altering the watch dials in England, as by no possible means can any one make an error of twelve hours in the time; this being so, it is only necessary to add twelve hours to the time recorded by the watch after noon, or a few within the capacity of most persons possessing a clock or watch.

The adoption of Greenwich as the Prime Meridian is, we believe, satisfactorily received in all countries, except France, whose leading astronomers desire the adoption of a neutral meridian, which desire we have no doubt, be waived in view of the fact that the scientists of other nations are unanimous on the point. As soon as the question of commencing the day at noon or midnight is decided, there is no doubt that the adoption of a universal day for

international transactions will follow, the civil day continuing to be used for local purposes. In regard to the civil day, it is highly probable that the system used by the railways of Canada and the United States will supersede that now in use. By this system four meridians are chosen at five, six, seven, and eight hours west of Greenwich, and each town keeps the time of the nearest meridian, as we throughout England keep Greenwich time. Were this system to come into general use, the time so obtained would only differ 30 min. from the local time (or a few minutes more than in some parts of England), whilst everyone having to deal with questions involving time will see at once the value of adopting a method in which the fractions of the hour throughout the world are coincident.

J. P.



THE engagement of Madame Jane Hading and M. Damala has served to give vitality to the somewhat languid course of French plays at the ROYALITY Theatre. Many playgoers who have seen Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's performances in *The Ironmaster*, still running at the ST. JAMES'S, may be presumed to have been curious to see the same characters represented by the performers who sustained those parts when M. Ohnet's play was produced at the Gymnase Theatre a year ago; and Madame Hading has the further attraction of being an actress much talked about, though hitherto not seen upon the English stage. For the play itself there is not much to be said, unless it be in the way of surprise that a drama, built on so disagreeable a story, and set forth with so little subtlety, should have secured so firm a hold upon the favour of audiences both in Paris and in London. The secret is one which our playwrights would find it profitable to study; it lies almost wholly in the skill with which a series of strong dramatic situations is evolved out of elements simple in themselves and by no means novel. It is somewhat late in the day, however, to criticise M. Ohnet's work. The rather distinguished audience which caused Dean Street to be crowded with carriages on the night of the first performance of *Le Maître de Forges* by M. Mayer's company, were probably more interested in Madame Jane Hading's Claire de Beaulieu than in the play itself, or even in the Philippe d'Herblay of M. Damala, who is already well known to us as the husband of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and who was playing at the GAIETY with that erratic lady a season or two ago. Madame Hading has been rather a surprise to Parisian audiences. She came to Paris to play in operettas a few years since, and in spite of a somewhat crude and amateurish manner she succeeded in achieving a considerable popularity. Of late she has undertaken one or two parts, denoting an ambition to shine in a higher department of her art; and this new development of her aspirations finally culminated in her brilliant, and we may add unexpected, success as the wayward and self-willed heroine of M. Ohnet's play. Her performance at the ROYALITY in no way disappointed the high expectations which had thus been raised. Madame Hading possesses a good figure, a pleasing and expressive countenance, and, more important still, a voice capable both of light and pathetic expression. That she has made a careful study of stage effect is obvious enough, though her artifices cannot be said to be obtrusive. On the whole, she has at command much passionate energy and emotional power, which enabled her to create in all the dramatic situations of the play a really powerful impression. M. Damala's rough energy and power of concentration aided her efforts in no small degree, in spite of this actor's curious tendency to deliver prose dialogue now and then in the conventional style of declaiming French Alexandrines. The rest of the company, though not much distinguished, were not below mediocrity. On Monday Madame Hading and M. Damala will appear in *Frou Frou*.

The little difficulties with the Lord Chamberlain regarding Mr. Stephenson's version of *La Princesse Georges* having been removed, Mrs. Langtry will make her appearance in this piece at the PRINCE'S Theatre on Tuesday evening next. Mr. Coghlan will play the part of the faithless husband.

Among the latest of managerial fashions is the publication, not of "receipts," as heretofore, but of what are called "bookings"—that is to say, the total of the sums paid, or to be paid, in advance. Thus, the bookings for Mrs. Langtry's engagement at the PRINCE'S are officially said to amount already to 10,000/. The bookings for *The Candidate*, at the CRITERION, are stated to amount to nearly 7,000.

Mr. Paul Meritt is about to retire from the joint management of the SURREY Theatre, for which, during his association with that house, he has written, in collaboration for the most part with Mr. George Conquest, a succession of more or less successful dramas of the picturesque and exciting sort.

A morning performance, supported by numerous popular performers, is to be given at the COURT Theatre on Tuesday next, on behalf of the poor of Chelsea, and St. Mary Charterhouse, Clerkenwell.

Mr. Toole has in hand a comedy-drama (as yet without a title) from the pen of the late Mr. Byron, which will be produced at TOOLE'S Theatre when the popular comedian returns to town at Easter.

Miss Fortescue has been engaged by Mr. Abbey for a six months' professional tour in the United States. Meanwhile this much-gossipped-about young actress will play Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's mythological comedy in numerous provincial towns and cities.

The original play written by Messrs. Merivale and Cecil Dale, which is shortly to be produced at Cambridge by Miss Fanny Josephs, is entitled *The Whip Hand*.

Loose Tales is the odd name of a new farcical comedy about to be brought out at a matinée at the VAUDEVILLE. March would seem to be an appropriate month for this production.

Mr. Hare, who was expected to play Adam in the forthcoming revival of *As You Like It* at the ST. JAMES'S, prefers, it appears, the part of Touchstone. The comedy will be produced on Saturday next, the 24th instant.

A revival of Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue* will take the place on Friday in this week of *The Grand Mogul* at the COMEDY Theatre. The arrangement, however, is only temporary, as it is announced that comedy and burlesque are at this theatre about to displace comic opera. According to the *Topical Times* Mr. Charles Wyndham will ere long become the manager of this house.

Dr. Westland Marston has written a comedy drama which Mr. Thorne has accepted for production at the VAUDEVILLE at the close of the run of Mr. H. A. Jones's *Saints and Sinners*.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE opened by Sir Rutherford Alcock in Humphrey's Hall, Knightsbridge, last Saturday, is a curious exhibition. The hall, which has at different times been devoted to the exhibition of hygienic dress and implements of war, is now converted into a colourable imitation of a village in Japan. There are shops in which native workmen are employed in fan-making, lacquer-work, silk-winding, and carpentry; there is a Buddhist Temple with (it is said) real Buddhist priests; and a tea-house. In an adjoining theatre exhibitions of dancing, fencing, and

wrestling take place during the day and evening. The dancing is performed by four girls wearing rich dresses and scarves. To the continuous accompaniment of strange music drawn by four other maidens from instruments resembling banjos in general shape and tone, the four dancing girls go slowly round the stage, posing at each step, and using their arms in effective accompaniment to the music. The fencing between two masked and padded combatants is conducted with much skill and agility. A Japanese presides, announces the commencement of the game in a voice with many strange inflections, bears a wary eye as the match proceeds, and records the odd hits. At the conclusion of the entertainment the three prostrate themselves, with the crowns of their heads resting on the floor. This is their bow; and the audience clap loudly. More interesting, perhaps, than the workpeople or the performers are the stray Japanese ones meets at every turn in the building. There are pretty girls dressed in all the extraordinary finery usually associated only with Japanese fans; there are toddling, oblique-eyed children staring widely at the curious show; and grave intelligent-looking workmen. Altogether the Japanese Village is a thing to be seen.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.

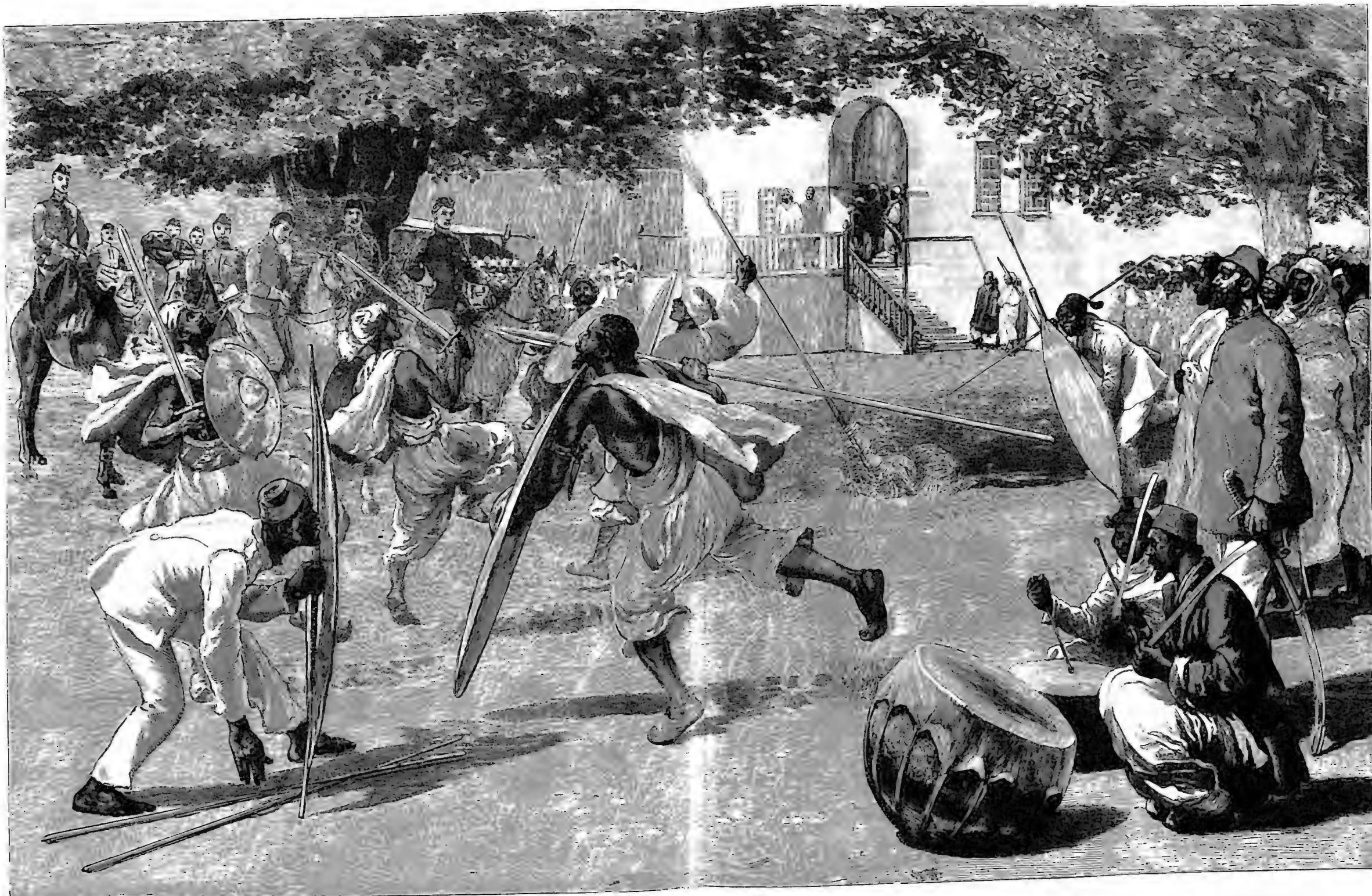
OF many interesting historical portraits in the third gallery, the earliest in date and one of the best is Sir Antonio Moore's half-length of "Queen Mary," lent by the trustees of the Earl of Carlisle. The picture, which is on a rather smaller than life scale, is remarkable for the realistic completeness with which all the details of the elaborately embroidered costume and the jewels are depicted, as well as for the strongly-marked individuality and life-like appearance of the head. That it really represents Mary Tudor is beyond question, for, though rather more youthful, it strongly resembles, in facial character and expression, the famous portrait of her by Lucas de Heere. A much later picture by Moore, painted in a broader and less laborious style, represents "The Duke of Alva," encased in black armour, richly inlaid with gold. The attitude of the figure is ungainly, but the character of the aged head, which indicates fanaticism and cruelty, is rendered with discriminating skill. A picture supposed to represent "Lady Jane Grey," by an obscure Italian artist, Luca Penni, has little individuality, and is not very ably executed. There are many estimable qualities in the companion portraits of "Thomas Howard, Fourth Duke of Norfolk," and his wife, "Margaret," by Lucas de Heere, but they lack subordination and keeping. In each case the details of the splendid costume and the pattern of the tapestry background are so strongly insisted on as to overpower the characteristic and well-painted head. These pictures, which now come together for a time, have been long separated; one of them is the property of the Earl of Westmoreland, and the other of Lord Braybrooke.

Another important historical character who met with the same fate as the Duke, seventy years later, "Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford," also appears, in a stately and dignified full-length by Van Dyck. The very large portrait by this artist of "King Charles I.," mounted on a grey charger, as a whole is scarcely so fine as the celebrated picture of the same subject at Windsor. The head, which wears an expression of profound despondency, is, however, splendidly painted, and the attitude of the figure is at once easy and dignified. It shows, moreover, a power of working effectively on a very large scale that in recent days has not been equalled. Another excellent work by Van Dyck, showing great refinement as well as strength of style, is the life-sized portrait group of "The Duchess of Buckingham and Her Three Children," from the gallery at Blenheim. Near it hangs the magnificent three-quarter portrait of "Anne of Austria," by Rubens, from the same collection. This is probably the best work of the kind that the great Flemish master produced; of the glowing brilliancy of the flesh tints, of the fine modelling of the expressive face and the delicately-formed hands, or of the admirable keeping of the picture as a whole, it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms. The restraint of style and the refinement that distinguish this work are absent from the artist's large composition, "Venus and Adonis," hanging beside it. The two figures, though a little exuberant in form, are however magnificently designed and painted, and every part of the picture glows with full-toned harmony of colour. The other work by Rubens, representing the "Departure of Lot and His Family from Sodom," is distinguished by breadth of style and beauty of colour; but the figures are thoroughly Flemish in character, and some of them rather grotesque.

One of the most interesting of the few Italian pictures in the collection is a small "Virgin and Child," lent by Mr. J. D. Linton, and said to have been recently discovered. It is attributed, and probably not without reason, to Andrea del Sarto. In its severe simplicity of style, and especially in the treatment of the drapery, it strongly resembles his work. In any case it is an excellent example of sixteenth-century Florentine Art. Beside it hangs a curious allegory, "The City of Venice in Adoration before the Virgin," ascribed to Paolo Veronese, remarkable alike for its fine quality of colour, and the very incorrect proportions of the figures. An unquestionably authentic, but very eccentric, picture by this artist illustrates the story of "The Punishment of Actaeon." His rare power as a colourist is seen in the painting of Diana and her nymphs who are bathing in the foreground, in the rapidly-painted but luminous sky, and in the richly-tinted trees; but the figure of Actaeon, who, with a stag's head on his shoulders, is feeling his nose with amazement, presents a singularly ludicrous appearance. The pictures attributed to Titian, Bonifazio, Bonvicino, and Paris Bordone are not very important; but the view of the "Piazza Colleone, Venice," with an animated crowd watching a religious function, by Francesco Guardi, should certainly not pass unnoticed. We have seen nothing by him so strongly suggestive of movement and bright daylight. The numerous characteristic figures, and all the architectural features of the scene, are painted with an easy mastery and precision of touch that have seldom been equalled.

Nicholas Poussin's great skill in design is seen in a large picture of "The Assumption;" but it is painted in a harsh, unsympathetic style, and is terribly crude in colour. Nor, except a certain sense of style and some beauty of composition, can we find much to admire in his two gloomy and very conventionally-treated landscapes with small figures. A quaintly-conceived allegorical picture by Murillo, "Grace and Truth supporting the Church," is contributed by Mr. Martin Colnaghi. The two child-angels, floating in the air, and holding an open book on which is an absurd little model of a Gothic church, are drawn and painted in the artist's best manner. In all technical qualities, and especially as regards colour, this is infinitely superior to his large and uninteresting "Virgin and Child in Glory," hanging near. The remaining Spanish pictures include the figure of an austere "Franciscan Monk," by Zurbaran; a masterly sketch of "A Man's Head," by Velasquez; and a full-length portrait of "A Genoese Noble," strikingly characteristic, but over-black in the shadows, and rather coarsely painted, by an unknown artist.

Pictures by the primitive Italian painters are not numerous or especially interesting. The well composed group of "St. Catherine of Sienna and Dominican Nuns," in fresco, by Cosimo Roselli, "The Coronation of the Virgin," ascribed to Filippo Lippi, from the Marquis of Lothian's collection, and Raffaelino del Garbo's fine "Virgin and Child," lent by Mr. Frederick Locker, are among the best of them. The series of characteristic heads in fresco from the Gonzaga Palace, near Mantua, by an unknown painter, and the very



"NOT IN EARNEST"—A NATIVE WAR DANCE BEFORE LORD WOLSELEY AT THE MUDIREH, DONGOLA
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

grotesque illustrations of the story of "Jupiter and Calisto," may also be examined with interest. Infinitely more important than any of these is the celebrated picture of "The Adoration of the Magi," from Castle Howard, probably the finest existing example of early Flemish art. It shows that Jan Gossaert, generally known as Mabuse, was an artist of original genius as well as great technical accomplishment. The grand simplicity of style, the elevation of character, and beauty of form to be seen in the best works of the mature Italian schools were not within his range; but the work shows, together with something of the archaic stiffness and formality characteristic of its period, a vast amount of artistic invention and great sincerity of purpose. In this, as in all pictures of the school, the spirit of portraiture is strikingly evident. The figures are very numerous, and in each of them the painter has evidently reproduced the facial characteristics of his chosen model with literal fidelity. A close examination only can convey an idea of the finished beauty of the workmanship, or of the skill and patient labour with which every detail is rendered. The brilliant local tints are of fine quality, and very artistically disposed; and the picture is remarkable besides for its perfect state of preservation. Time has apparently wrought no change in it, and it has suffered not at all from neglect or ill-use.



THE WEATHER OF 1884.—Nearly everybody, if asked to express most briefly their opinion of 1884, would say of it that "It was a fine year." Nor is the reputation found to be unmerited when the men of science have added up their figures, and put before us what must be taken as an authoritative verdict. Not only was 1884 almost completely free from desolating storms, but no month was extraordinarily cold or wet; and although two months, May and August, were marked by decided drought, yet the heat at no time rose to such intensity as visitors to the Royal Show at Derby, in 1881, probably remember still. The months which were warmer than the average were January, February, March, May, July, August, September, and December. April and June were not so warm as usual, and a few days of keen frost reduced below average an otherwise genial October. The mean of the year was 52 degrees, or fully two degrees above the average. The rainfall was just seventeen inches, against an average of 24.55 for the last five years.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER, speaking at Darlington the other day, said a sliding scale should be re-introduced, and it should run up to 10s. a quarter. He would not increase the price of wheat above 45s. per qr., and he wanted the people of the country to understand that a duty would raise the price of bread only to an extent of about a farthing a week per head in the family of a working man. It would be an advantage if the wages of agricultural labourers were also regulated by a sliding scale, so that in good times the labourers would get a share of the increased profits, and in bad times would, in common with the rest of the community, suffer some loss. The frankness of Mr. James Lowther has its advantages, and even Free Traders may well thank him for plainly enunciating the fact that, if a duty is to be imposed at all, it must at times run up to 10s. per qr. A duty of 5s., when prices are down to 30s., would be no protection at all.

THE EARL OF ZETLAND, who recently left the ranks of the Liberals for those of the Conservatives, has now gone a step further, and left the ranks of the political economists for those of the fair traders. Addressing his Yorkshire neighbours, last week, the noble Earl said he did not see how arable farming under the present system could be any exception to the economic law which had invariably displaced their industries when those industries had ceased to be intrinsically profitable. He believed the agricultural labourers would be the first to suffer from this, and it was for the people of England to decide whether arable farming should be thus allowed to decay, or whether it might not be advisable to impose a small duty, or a sliding scale, upon wheat, to keep the price up to 45s. per qr., and thus repay the cultivation of enormous tracts which would otherwise be neglected.

TITLE RENT CHARGE.—As a result of the corn average for the seven years to Christmas, 1884, namely, wheat, 5s. 4d. per Imperial bushel; barley, 4s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per bushel; and oats, 2s. 9d. per bushel—each 100l. of title rent charge will for the year 1885 amount to 93s. 17s. 3d., or nearly 4½ per cent. less than last year. The matter is a very serious one for the rural clergy, whose means are already straitened. The tithe rent charge ten years ago could easily have been fixed at par; but the opportunity was allowed to pass to the present, and probably the lasting injury of the Church.

MR. JAMES HOWARD'S SILO deserves notice for its clever mechanical contrivance, wherein the whole is covered with an airtight roof, which is sealed by dipping into a water joint or trough round the eaves. Without any weighting or pressure at all, the ensilage has been kept as sweet and good as possible, viz., fragrant and slightly alcoholic in odour.

WHEAT.—The acreage sown during the past three months may be reckoned 10 per cent. under that of the previous year, and 15 per cent. reduction is assumed by some authorities. It is, however, not certain by any means that the total wheat acreage for 1885 will be reduced by 10 per cent., for although New Year wheat-sowings are not popular with farmers as a rule, they are always practicable, and when prices have risen 2s. 6d. in a fortnight farmers may take heart again, and be only too glad of an inducement to put in a good wheat acreage. We hope, however, that no such foolishness will overtake them. Half-a-crown advance on a 31s. 6d. average only makes 34s., which is quite 6s. under the ordinary cost of production. There is not the least chance of a duty being imposed between this and harvest in August, so that the wheat sown now will probably be at a loss. At 34s., not less than at 31s. 6d., the cry must be: No English wheat!

COUNTRY SUPPLIES.—London's grain imports are known to be enormous, but they only indirectly concern our rural readers. The country districts, however, send a large yearly tribute of cereals to the metropolis. Of English country wheat 200,672 quarters were sent "to town" in 1884, together with 846,973 sacks of flour. This represents in all over seventy million loaves. Of country barley, 95,452 quarters came to London; and of malt which, unlike flour, remains an exclusively English and home product, no less than 948,508 quarters were received. Of oats, 55,606 quarters; of rye, 2,911 quarters; of beans, 29,895 quarters; of pens, 25,484 quarters; and of tares, 4,990 quarters were sent up from the counties to London. The supplies which Scotland sends to London are mainly barley, malt, and oats. Ireland practically sends nothing but oats, and even of this staple much less is sent now than was wont to be sent some ten years since. The Eastern Counties of England, on the other hand, retain to the full their pre-eminence as the granary of London, so far as home supplies are concerned.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS are a species of fowls which are not yet very well known, but there are some persons who consider them the handsomest of the whole Cochin tribe, while they are certainly as

hardy as any, and harder than many, varieties. Chickens should be hatched from January to the end of March if wanted for the show pen, as later birds will not get large enough. But ordinary breeders need not heat their fowl house or otherwise hurry the birds. The cock bird should have a rather large single and well serrated comb, which should stand well up; he should have a perfect black breast and legs and fluff, with a great deal of leg and foot feather, all black, good small black tail, rich red hackle, stripe of black down centre in the long neck and saddle hackles, a rich crimson-shaded red patch on the wing, the long feathers of which should be black with a clear cut bar of chesnut near to the end. The pullets and hens should be well pencilled all over; and, in fact, they should be marked very like a dark Brahma hen, but should be golden instead of steel in colour, and more massive in shape.

PARSNIPS are vegetables which occasionally attain an enormous growth. Two have recently been on view, one in Scotland, the other in Durham. The first was forty-four inches long, but we have no other measurements. The Durham parsnip was thirty-seven inches in length, and seventeen inches in circumference. Carrots have now and again taken to the soil with similar kindness, and flourished with a similar amazing strength and length of growth.

FLOWERS are still very scarce. The girls in the streets are mostly offering dainty artificial roses set in real maidenhair, but nearly anything "real" is exceedingly expensive. Ericas, however, are moderately cheap, and crocuses are occasionally to be seen. Hyacinths are beginning to appear, and in sheltered gardens the snowdrops are commencing to bloom. The year has "turned;" and another fortnight should give us numerous, if slight, signs of the approaching spring.



MR. BOMPAS, Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of Plymouth.

THE EARL OF LYTON, it will be remembered, obtained some time ago a temporary injunction to restrain the executrix of his late mother from parting with, and a firm of London publishers from publishing, the letters of the late Lord Lyton to his wife before their separation. The volume was ready for publication when the temporary injunction was granted, and some of the late Lord Lyton's passionate love letters, written while he was wooing the lady who became his wife, found their way into certain newspapers. The defendants did not oppose the Earl of Lyton's application this week to make the former injunction perpetual, and Vice-Chancellor Bacon gave the necessary order. It appears, however, that the important question to whom the letters belong has still to be decided. The possession of these is claimed by the Earl of Lyton as the executor of his father, and by the lady defendant as the executrix of his mother.

THE driver of a milk cart who was supplying his master's customers was tendered 6d., and asked for a pint of milk by a county inspector under the Adulteration Act, who told him it was wanted for analysis in order to determine its purity. The milkman refused, saying that he had only enough for the customers. His master was summoned under the Adulteration Act for having refused to supply the inspector with a sample of milk "exposed for sale." The Highgate magistrates dismissed the summons, holding that, under the circumstances, the milk had not been "exposed for sale."

THE CHIEF SHOPKEEPERS and other denizens of Sackville Street, Dublin, are about to seek for an injunction to restrain the Dublin City Council from carrying out their intention to begin the "nationalisation" of the street-nomenclature of the Irish capital by renaming Sackville Street O'Connell Street.

IN THE TRIAL at the Reading Assizes of what is known as the Windsor murder, Joseph Shill, aged thirty-three, and a hunchback, was found guilty of the murder of his wife near Windsor on the 19th of December last, and was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Hawkins.

ON TUESDAY, within the walls of Wandsworth Prison, took place the execution of Horace Robert Jay, barmen, aged twenty-three, convicted at the Central Criminal Court of having murdered, apparently in a fit of jealousy, a girl of eighteen, to whom he was engaged to be married.



THE TURF.—The publication of the nominations for several of the Spring Handicaps has given Turfites something to talk about. The figures, as far as they go, are satisfactory, showing plenty of vitality in the racing world, while the entries of such horses as St. Gatien, Duke of Richmond, Thebais, and, indeed, of most of our cracks, indicates as interesting, though perhaps not so sensational, a season as the last. The Chester Cup shows a marked increase of entries; but the popular City and Suburban a falling-off, while the Great Metropolitan shows exactly the same number as last year. Paradox continues a firm first favourite both for the Two Thousand and Derby; but for the Waterloo Cup, Mr. Crosse's nomination has gone ahead of Mr. Mayer's in the market.

FOOTBALL.—For the Football Association Cup West Bromwich Albion has beaten Aston Villa, Walsall Swifts St. George's, and Druids Chirk, while Swifts and Old Westminsters have played a drawn game.—In Association games of importance Notts County has beaten Wednesbury Old Athletes, Great Lever Manchester, Swifts Clapham Rovers, Queen's Park Vale of Leven, and Oxford and Cambridge combined have defeated London and the South.—In the International Rugby game between Scotland and Wales there has been a draw, neither side scoring.

CRICKET.—We learn that I. D. Walker and F. R. Spofforth have arrived in Melbourne, and the latter was so indignant at the Australians attempting to arrange a match in Sydney the week before the Englishmen were to appear there that he talks of retiring from the team; and as he considers four or five of them not good enough to represent Australia, he will refuse to play unless they are passed over, and Massie, Evans, Garrett, Horan, Jones, or Moses substituted. There seems to be a good deal of ill-feeling between Shaw's team and Murdoch's.

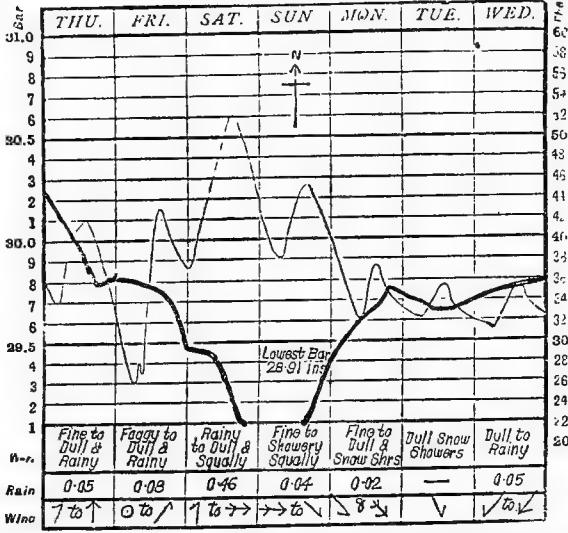
AQUATICS.—Aquatic news has also come to hand from the Antipodes. A correspondent in a Sydney paper writes:—"With reference to the gentlemen in England, who are mentioned as being anxious to bet as much as 5 to 1 that the Canadian will win his next match with Beach, I have it on the very best authority that there are three or four gentlemen in Sydney who are prepared to take 25,000/- to 5,000/-, and back William Beach against Hanlan in their next race. Indeed, negotiations have already been opened with the view of having the money posted to the satisfaction of all parties concerned." We fear that so much talk about money does

not augur well for a fair-and-square race. A writer in our contemporary, *Land and Water*, says:—"I am authorised to issue the following challenge from the Australian Amateur Champion Sculler, W. G. Brett. Brett challenges any gentleman amateur in England, America, or the world, to scull him over the Championship Course on the Parramatta River for a 500/- trophy, or he will scull on the Thames Course, taking or allowing 100/- for expenses, adding 50/- as an inducement to any one to go over to Australia."—From Brisbane news has come of the death of Tom White, champion sculler. It will be remembered he visited London between two and three years since, when he was worth about 10,000/-, but on his return found that he had been defrauded of the greater part of it. White was born at Bermondsey in 1834, and first came into prominence in the summer of 1856, when he rowed second to George Hammerton for the Thames Subscription Coat and Badge. On November 14, 1858, White defeated Henry Clasper over the Championship Course for 100/- a-side, accomplishing the full distance from Putney Bridge to the Ship at Mortlake in the then fastest time on record—23 min. 13 sec. In April, 1859, he rowed Robert Chambers on the Tyne for 100/- a-side, but was defeated by five lengths, and a few months later was again defeated, this time on the Thames, by Bob Chambers, for 200/- a-side. White more than once took a four-oar crew to the Continent, and won several races at Paris, Dieppe, and elsewhere.—Reports from the Cam speak of the Light Blues who have just gone into serious practice for the Putney race as looking very promising.

BILLIARDS.—Supplementary of some remarks recently made as to the arrangements for Champion Matches, it may be mentioned that professional players seem to have hit upon a game that is both fair and interesting. In a recent match between J. Roberts, jun., v. J. North, the Champion was restricted to the all-round game, North being allowed to use the spot hazard. This handicap produced a good match; and, although at the finish the spot player ran away from his opponent, the lead was generally with the champion. There can be little doubt but that, if the all-round game remains as popular as it is at present, our leading cueists will in future chiefly arrange their matches on this principle. Spectators will have an opportunity of seeing both styles of play—the spot hazards and the all-round game—and it is the nearest approach possible to good handicapping. If any further equalisation of the chances is required, it would perhaps be found advantageous to limit the number of consecutive spots, but this would only have to be resorted to when the players were far from equal.—It is generally said that Cook will challenge Roberts for the Championship.

CHESS.—Lord Tennyson has accepted the Presidency of the British Chess Association.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been rather rough and cold, with showers of rain, snow, and hail in many parts of the country. Lightning has been seen in the west and north, and thunderstorms have occurred in the south-west of Ireland and north-east of England. In the course of Thursday (8th inst.) and Friday (9th inst.) two depressions skirted our extreme north-western coasts, accompanied by subsidiary disturbances over the more southern parts of the United Kingdom. Strong to moderate southerly winds were experienced over England and Scotland, and strong westerly or south-westerly winds elsewhere, with a pretty general fall of rain. During Saturday (10th inst.) a depression of far more serious import passed across Scotland to the eastward, and by Sunday morning (11th inst.) lay off the south of Norway, while in the mean time another disturbance had apparently formed over the North Sea. Strong gales were now experienced very generally; in Ireland and England from the westward, and in Scotland from the northward. Showers of rain fell in all parts of the United Kingdom. The effect on the barometer and the thermometer in the metropolitan area during the approach and retirement of this disturbance is graphically depicted in the accompanying diagram. During the closing days of the week gradients for northerly and north-easterly breezes continued to hold over our islands, and while the force of the wind gradually moderated, snow, hail, or cold rain showers prevailed very generally. Temperature, on the whole, has been slightly below the average. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Thursday (8th inst.); lowest (28.91 inches) on Sunday (11th inst.); range, 1.32 inches. The thermometer was highest (52°) on Saturday (10th inst.); lowest (26°) on Friday (9th inst.); range, 1.26°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.70 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.46 inches on Saturday (10th inst.).

THE CHRISTMAS CARDS, which come in such numbers nowadays, are often thrown away as useless after a few weeks. Yet these cards might give great pleasure to sick and suffering children in English hospitals and convalescent homes if sent to the "Children's Scrap-Book Mission," a branch of the well-known "Sea Shell Mission," which fills scrap-books with the discarded pictures for distribution among the sick. The Mission has given away 2,500 of these Christmas card scrap-books to the London hospitals, besides 5,300 boxes of shells, according to its original intention. Children especially may do a good turn to their poorer contemporaries by sending their old cards to the Mission at 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road.

THE TELEPHONE is now in working order between London and Brighton, the United Telephone Company having laid a couple of wires from their Metropolitan Office to the Brighton Exchange. A conversation was thus held on Monday between West Street, Brighton, and *The Graphic* Office in the Strand, the Brighton line having been switched directly on to the wire leading from *The Graphic* to the head London Office of the Company. It was thus proved that two people can easily carry on a comfortable chat at a distance of fifty miles apart, but it did not add to the pleasures of London life to learn that while our streets were being made white with a whirling snowstorm, a gentleman within talking distance was enjoying "glorious weather," merely tempered by an invigorating sea breeze.

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2. 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST.
3. LOVED IS AND WAS MY LORD AND KING.
4. BE NEAR ME WHEN MY LIGHT IS LOW.

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An Artist's Tour Among the Arabs

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THREE IS A KIND OF CIVILISATION which loves and cultivates beauty, and there is another kind which, upon the whole, prefers comfort. The democratic period in which we live belongs, of course, to the latter variety ; and although Democracy does not always seem to gain the object of its desires, it is clearly determined not to let any aesthetic obstacles stand in the way of its attainment thereof. Those, therefore, who wish to see one of the most charming towns in the world will do well to visit Algiers while Algiers—the real Algiers—remains standing to be visited. Even now it is only a remnant of the old pirates' nest that they will be able to gaze upon—a mere white rag of it, flung upon the steep hill-side above the sea, and hemmed in by the modern city which is slowly but surely eating it away.

The modern city, handsome enough towards its centre, dreary and ugly towards its extremities, like most modern cities, is already too small for its ever-increasing population. It has long since burst through its gates and fortifications, and is creeping farther and farther every year along the shores of the bay, rows of tall stone houses standing where the palms and carob-trees and evergreen oaks used to be. Isly on the one side, Saint-Eugène on the other, are no longer quiet retreats, with villas nestling among their leafy solitudes, but have become conventional suburbs, grievous alike to eyes, ears, and nose. The dusty thoroughfares that intersect them are thronged with tram-cars and jingling omnibuses ; the inhabitants congregate in groups before their doorways, blocking up the pavement, or play at bowls on the bare spaces which intervene between one set of dwellings and the next, or shout at one another out of the open windows, from which also they are wont to fling dirty water, cabbage-stalks, and other unconsidered trifles, after the time-honoured Provençal fashion. For there is no mistaking the origin of these noisy, swaggering, black-browed, good-humoured and somewhat ill-mannered folks. Their speech

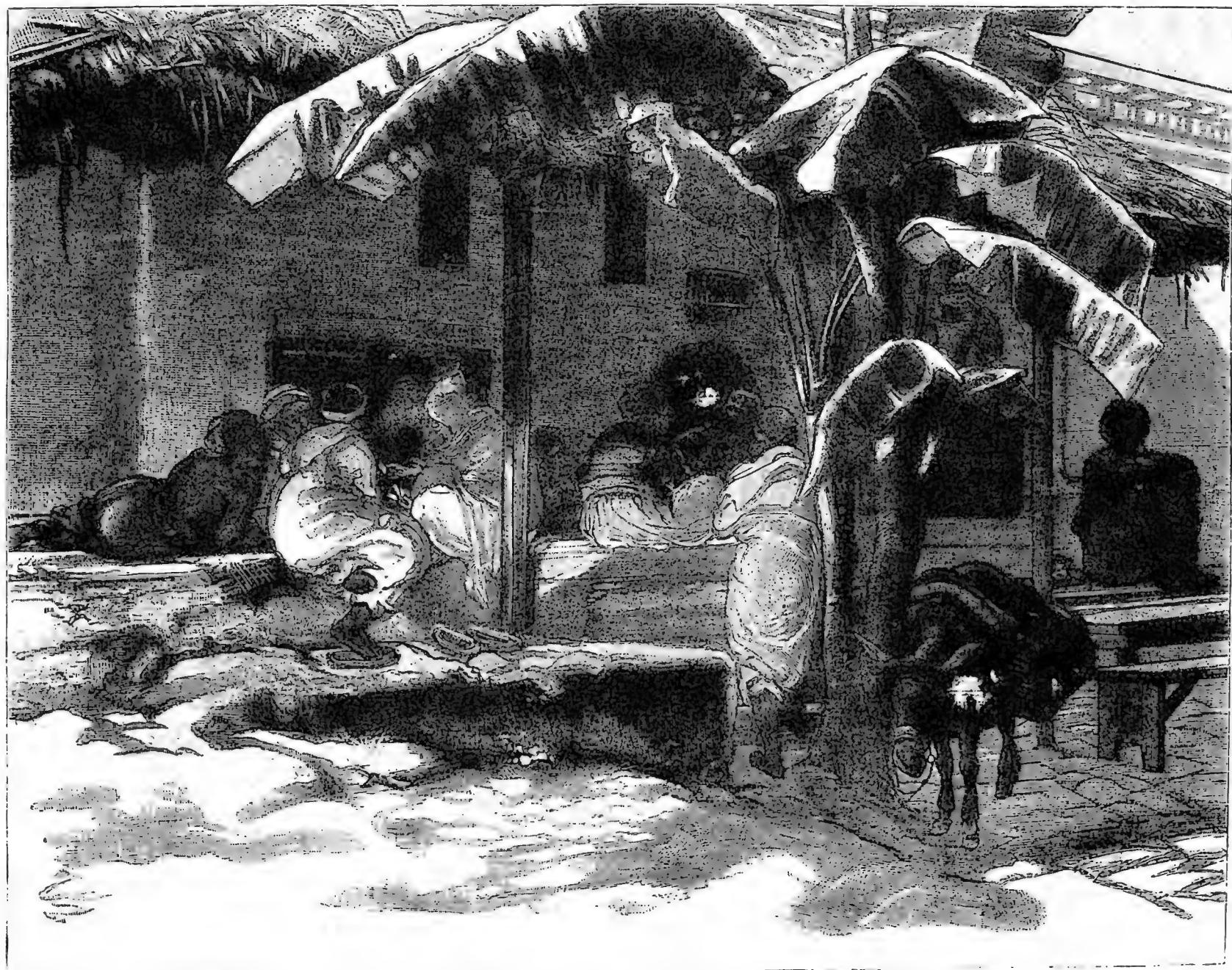


AN ALGERIAN MAIDEN

bewrayeth them. Probably it is not quite the cream of Marseilles which empties itself upon the North African coast : those who go to seek their fortune, and sometimes find it *là-bas*, would perhaps be more correctly typified by another substance whose nature it is to rise to the surface. No doubt they have their good qualities, like other people ; but these are not very conspicuous to the casual observer. The casual observer will be more apt to be struck by their intense vulgarity, to which the dignified composure of the natives who stalk to and fro among them, and tower above them, forms a telling foil.

Indeed, the contrast between conqueror and conquered, between the podgy little Frenchman and the tall, lithe, muscular Arab, is one which presents itself at every turn in Algiers, and is half pathetic, half ludicrous. What the ruling race thinks of its Mohammedan subjects we have been informed by innumerable speeches and great store of printed matter : the opinion of the latter as to the former is less easy to arrive at ; but resignation to the inevitable is the first duty of every good Mussulman, and habit renders all things endurable in the long run.

In the crowded Place du Gouvernement, Boulevard de la République, Rue Bab-Azoun, and Rue Bab-el-Oued, there is little, except an occasional passing turban or burnous, to remind the stranger that he has left Europe ; but a walk of a very few minutes will bring him to the Arab town, where, without any great stretch of imagination, he may fancy himself in the heart of the East, far removed from *sergents-de-ville*, yellow omnibuses, Marseillais, and *café-chantants*. To one who has just escaped from the hubbub of the European quarter it seems quiet enough here, for there are no vehicles in these narrow streets, which indeed are nothing but long flights of shallow steps, leading up to the Casbah, which stands at the apex of the irregular pyramid formed by old Algiers. However, there is no lack of life, movement, or colour, and an



CAFÉ OF HAMMAH, ALGIERS

artist in search of subjects has only the difficulty of choice to embarrass him. The Moorish women, encumbered with their voluminous trousers, and swathed in white drapery which leaves only their eyes visible, are rather curious than beautiful as studies when in their walking attire; but the bare-legged water-carriers, the shoemakers squatted in their open shops, the barbers plying their occupation busily *coram populo*, the *cafés* where solemn, turbaned figures are reclined, smoking long pipes or playing at draughts, the pedagogue, cross-legged upon his square of matting, and controlling with the cane of office the chattering little flock around him—all these form tempting pictures to transfer to paper or canvas. The white outer walls of the houses, their monotony broken by tiny grated windows and clusters of wooden buttresses, with here and there a tall, dark cypress rising above them, make a fitting background to such little vignettes of Oriental life.

Moorish dwellings are all built upon an identical plan, varying in beauty and richness of interior decoration according to the circumstances of their owners. On passing through the outer door, which is of considerable thickness, and is studded with wrought-iron nails, you find yourself in a small vestibule, on either side of which is a row of niches in the wall, used as seats. Beyond this you will not, if you are paying a visit of ceremony, be expected to go; but on the occasion of a family festivity you will be admitted into the central court, which is open to the sky, and surrounded by a kind of cloister formed of twisted marble pillars and horseshoe arches. From the first-floor gallery, which rises above this, and is enclosed by a carved wooden balustrade, the ladies of the household are commonly permitted to look down upon what is taking place in the court below. The roofs are all flat, and there, when the day's work is done, the head of the family is wont to sit, enjoying the cool air of the evening, while the call of the muezzins rises from the minarets of the mosques hard by.

Into the houses of the more wealthy Moors it is naturally a little difficult to effect an entrance; but from such as are not averse to turning an honest penny a welcome may readily be obtained through the instrumentality of Hamoud, that able *cicerone*, who boasts that he knows Algiers as he knows his own pocket, and who complains, by the way, that his pocket is not as well lined as it used to be in years gone by. Nowadays nobody spends a winter in the town of Algiers, which is reputed to be unhealthy, and is certainly malodorous. Winter visitors either hire a villa at Mustapha Supérieur, or take up their quarters in one of the hotels which have been built on the sunny slopes that bear that name; and as Mustapha is a good two miles from the southern gate, the Arab town is hardly as much frequented by foreigners now as it formerly was. However, Hamoud's occupation is not yet quite gone, and whenever a Moorish wedding, or one of those barbaric and rather ghastly exhibitions known as an Aissaoua *fête* takes place, he may be trusted to give information thereof to all and sundry whom it may concern.

To weddings ladies only are admitted: by all accounts, they are somewhat tedious and fatiguing affairs. As for the fanatical sect, called Aissaoui, opinions are divided respecting them, some declaring them to be mere conjurors, while others are convinced that their performances are inspired by genuine religious frenzy. The truth probably lies between the two assertions. It is certain that money will sometimes—though not always—induce them to go through their rites; but this does not prove much, for one seems to have heard of other religious denominations which are open to similar incentives. At any rate, those who witness an Aissaoua *fête* for the first time are likely to experience a certain shock to their nerves. The scene is striking, and a little uncanny. In the centre of the court above described burns a small brazier, round which are squatted half-a-dozen or more individuals, of whom the chief of the Aissaoui, who directs the proceedings, is one. The others are so-called musicians, and the unearthly din that they raise by beating their tambourines in accompaniment to a ceaseless nasal chant must be heard to be realised. The full moon, perhaps, is shining overhead, making the white walls on one side of the court dazzlingly bright, while the other side is left in deep shadow. Presently a figure springs from somewhere in the background into the open space, and at once begins to dance in a furious yet rhythmic fashion, leaping with both feet from the ground, descending always upon the same spot, and swaying his body from the waist upwards to and fro, until you think his back must break. His companions—four or five of them generally—join him, one after the other. Each, as he enters, passes his arm round the shoulder of his neighbour, and so the whole mass of them goes on leaping and swinging in unison until at last they are stopped by exhaustion, or by a sign from their chief. They have now worked themselves up into a state of frenzy, and are, or profess to be, entirely insensible to suffering. Dropping on their hands and knees and growling like wild beasts, they crawl to the feet of the chief, who provides them with the means of self-torture. Iron skewers are handed to them, which they force through their eyelids, their cheeks, and their tongues; then they are given red-hot irons, which they apply to various parts of their bodies (a process of which the reality is made sickeningly apparent to those who watch it); next they seize and devour prickly-pear leaves, fragments of broken glass, and live scorpions; and just as the unaccustomed spectator is beginning to think that he has had enough of so revolting an exhibition, there will ring out upon the night a peculiar shrill cry—“*Yu-yu-yu-u-u!*”—which, if he has never heard it before, will certainly startle him. It is the applause of the ladies, who are looking down from the gallery and roof, and who do not fail to show their appreciation of some specially horrible act.

After attending a good many of these performances, I am inclined to think that some of those who take part in them are really carried away by enthusiasm, while others have a very shrewd notion of what they are about. Some years ago there was a certain member of the sect whom I could never see without an intense desire to jump up and run away before he fell upon me and tore me to pieces. He was a tall, wild-looking fellow, with long hair, falling in a dishevelled mass over his shoulders, and a pair of glittering black eyes, which seemed full of menace until they became clouded by his frantic dancing, or by the fumes arising from the brazier. I have not a doubt that, for the time being, he was a raving lunatic, and, I should say, a dangerous one, though I never heard of his injuring any one but himself. I have repeatedly seen the blood streaming from his mouth and face, and he invariably ended by falling down in what appeared to be an epileptic fit. On the other hand, there is an old gentleman, somewhat sly of aspect, who is always prominent on these occasions, and upon whose person I have never been able to detect a scar or a drop of blood. I will confess that he has sometimes made me uncomfortable by balancing himself, first on his feet, then on his stomach, upon the edge of a sharp sword, upheld for that purpose several feet from the ground by two of his comrades; but this, I am told, is a mere *tour de force*, easy of accomplishment by any one who has the pluck to attempt it. I have not, however, tested the accuracy of the statement by personal experience, nor do I propose to do so. The first of these men is dead, having doubtless fallen a victim to his unfortunate propensity for taking things too seriously; the second still lives and flourishes.

Representatives of the great Arab families are not often to be met with nowadays in Algiers. Formerly these Caïds and Bach-Aghas, many of them intrusted with considerable power by the French authorities, and most of them possessed of a good deal more than they were ostensibly invested with, used to make a point of attending

the balls given by the Governor-General, where their handsome face, their stately bearing, and magnificent costumes added not a little to the picturesqueness of a scene which would have been picturesque and brilliant even without them. But the time of brilliancy and picturesqueness has passed away, and under the Republic a Governor-General is expected to bear the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity in mind when he sends out his invitations. It is said that, at an entertainment given by one of these functionaries a few years ago, a certain proportion of the guests showed their independence of aristocratic trammels by appearing in morning-dress, and that one of them not only brought his hat into the room with him (which would have been quite in accordance with French etiquette), but thought fit to keep it on his head the whole evening—a proceeding hardly to be reconciled with any known system of etiquette, Republican or other. There is also a legend, for the truth of which I do not vouch, that when the poor Governor, weary and harassed, sought his couch at daybreak, he found a slumbering citizen already in possession of it. One can understand that the grave Arabs, to whom, at the best of times, a ball must seem a rather undignified sort of exhibition, have little taste for scenes which are unavoidable under the present régime. Government by Democracy is a hard nut for the Arab mind to crack. For the Emperor, who took great pains to conciliate them, they had a sincere affection, and as much feeling of loyalty as can be expected from a conquered race; Randon, Félixier, and MacMahon, in Field-Marshal's uniforms and surrounded by showy staffs, seemed also to them to symbolise authority adequately. Moreover, these men had fought them and beaten them, which is always a convincing title to respect. But that a stout old gentleman in a black coat, who was to be seen driving about the town and the suburbs in a brougham, could be the outward and visible sign of a powerful government, was at first an incredible thing in their eyes, and that the French did not lose the entire colony in 1871 was probably due only to the chivalry of Si Mohammed ben Ahmed Mokrani, who headed the insurrection which broke out in that year.

Mokrani was one of the great chiefs who had been made much of by the Emperor and the Governors-General. To them he declared—and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity—that he would have remained faithful through thick and thin; but after Sedan there was no longer an Emperor, nor, indeed, a Governor-General, for Mokrani could not recognise as such the “Commissaire Extraordinaire de la République” who was appointed by the Provisional Government of Tours, and who carried out, or attempted to carry out, the eccentric instructions of that junta. Rebellion on the part of a conquered people is, of course, a virtue or a crime, according as it ends in success or disaster, and Mokrani had at least a chance of earning for himself an honourable name in history at a time when the three provinces of Algeria could not have mustered a regiment to oppose him—for the hastily-enrolled militia could hardly have been counted upon to do more than hold the fortified places. Of this chance he did not choose to avail himself. He had promised General Durrien, who administered the Government for a time after Marshal MacMahon's departure, that he would take no hostile steps so long as the French should be at war, and he loyally kept his word. It was only when news of the conclusion of peace reached him that he returned the last quarterly payment of his pension, together with his Cross of the Legion of Honour, to the authorities, and took up arms. In a wonderfully short space of time the entire colony was in a blaze. It was, however, already too late. The released troops were hurriedly despatched from France in large numbers, and although the insurgents gave considerable trouble, and obtained some successes, the issue of their attempt was a foregone conclusion. The revolt was finally crushed about four months after its commencement, and its leader, seeing that all was lost, sought death, and found it in the last battle of the campaign. Poor Mokrani, like most of his fellow-countrymen, had rubbed his shoulders with civilisation in vain. *Fêtes* at the Tuileries, reviews at Longchamps, the society of statesmen, diplomatists, and generals left him nothing but an Arab, after all. He failed to realise that one of the chief axioms of modern warfare is to wait till your enemy is down, and then jump upon him. He paid for his mistake with his life, and it may be hoped that his fate will serve as a warning to others.

Conspicuous at Algerian official receptions is, or was (for I am not sure that he is not lately dead), the figure of a little hatchet-faced old man, who wore a very large turban, and whose habitual expression was one of mild melancholy. This was Prince Mustapha, the last representative of the Dey's, to whom the French Government awarded a small—a very small—pension. He used to be fond of making pathetic allusions to his poverty, and it is not likely that he can have been animated by any very friendly feelings towards the nation which has dispossessed his race. One afternoon, in the month of April, 1871, I happened to be at the house of the Port-Admiral when Mustapha was announced. The Admiral was then the only person possessed of real authority in Algiers. It was to his quiet determination, and to the fortunate circumstance that he had a couple of ironclads under his command, that the town owed its preservation from anarchy; for the Commissary of the Republic, having no troops, was helpless, and the “Reds” were only restrained from sending him about his business, and setting up a miniature Commune, by the Admiral's assurance that unless they kept quiet he would fire upon them “*comme sur des lieux*.” The conduct of operations against the insurgents was, if I remember rightly, committed into his hands for the time being, and he had just received a batch of somewhat disquieting telegrams. The situation was indeed serious enough. All Kabylia, with the exception of the fortified posts, was in the possession of the rebels; Bougie, Dellys, Djidjelli, and other sea-port towns were surrounded; fugitives were pouring into Algiers, and at night the sky was red with the glow of the burning villages in the neighbourhood. So that, to a disinterested looker-on, it did seem as if all kinds of exciting contingencies might be at hand.

Old Mustapha seated himself on a sofa, and listened to the Admiral's remarks with a most comical air of sympathy and regret, raising his hands and wagging his head, as who should say, “Dear, dear! what a pity!”—and I could not have sworn that there was a twinkle in his eye. Presently he began to put discreet questions. Where was Mokrani? Was anything known about his plans? Was it really the case that the tribes in the west were about to rise and join hands with those in the east? But the Admiral, whose temper was not, perhaps, at its sweetest just then, was very short in his replies, and after a time the old man got up, and shuffled away without having gained much information. After all, the success of the Arabs could have meant nothing to him, except the loss of his pension; but I dare say that he might have been willing to pay even that price for the pleasure of seeing the Giaours driven into the sea.

Probably there are other old men in Algiers besides Mustapha who sometimes throw a longing backward glance at the fine old times when the Barbary States were wont to set all the great Powers of Europe at defiance. Indeed, a man need not be so very old to remember seeing the foreign consuls dismount from their horses, and humbly uncover their heads as soon as they approached the Dey's Palace, and vessels entering the harbour with the annual tribute which England, France, the United States, and other nations were not ashamed to pay as black-mail for the safety of their commerce. That veteran yachtsman, Mr. Milner Gibson, used to show a pass from the Barbary pirates with which he had

been obliged to provide himself when he first took to cruising in the Mediterranean. The pirates did not always respect their own passes, or observe the engagements which they were so handsomely paid to conclude. If the treasury showed symptoms of becoming inconveniently empty, they had a very simple and easy plan for replenishing it. All they had to do was to declare war upon England, France, Spain, or some other country, tear up the existing treaty, and set sail on a marauding expedition; and this not only brought them in a goodly supply of booty, but enabled them in a very short time to conclude a fresh treaty, probably upon more advantageous terms for themselves than the old one.

Nobody can regret the suppression of so troublesome and perfidious a set of robbers; but one may be permitted to regret a little the gradual disappearance of their charming habitations and the substitution for these of blocks of five-storeyed French houses. Not many Moorish dwellings of any size or beauty now remain in the town of Algiers, and those that do remain have for the most part been ruthlessly altered and restored. As a set-off, there are villas at Mustapha Supérieur and El-Biar (nearly all of them the property of English winter visitors) which may be said to be as nearly perfect of their kind as cool, marble-flagged courts, rare old tiles, slender pillars, horseshoe arches, the delicate tracery of arabesques, and the exquisite pale tints of Algerian and Syrian embroidery can make them. The gardens, too, with their splashing fountains, their countless varieties of flowering shrubs, their giant geraniums, and their unfailing profusion of roses, are in themselves enough to repay a man for the long, weary journey from England. Sitting in the shade there, while the warm air is filled with the scent of orange blossoms, and looking down upon the white town and the dark blue sea, beyond which rise the purple mountains on the other side of the bay, with a dim suggestion of snowy peaks above them, one feels that there is balm in Gilead after all. Democracy and modern civilisation cannot spoil everything—though, to be sure, they are doing their best. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to quarrel with cultivation, and mourn over the vanished brushwood of so many hillsides, replaced by the vineyards whence the colony derives much of its present and prospective wealth; yet it must be admitted that vineyards are very ugly things. The growers of Algerian wines are said to be doing a good business, and I believe there are persons who drink the liquor produced by them, and say that they like it.

At any rate, neither vine-growers nor anybody else can wholly destroy the beauty of the country round about Algiers—the beauty of a wide sweep of broken landscape, the beauty of sunshine and infinite gradations of colour, of stone-pines and cedars, and wild olives and cypresses, of shady lanes bordered by hedges of myrtle, lentisc, and aloe, and overshadowed by wreaths and sprays of green clematis—a beauty which all who know it cannot but love. *Esto perpetua!*

W. E. NORRIS

OUR artist, Mr. Guido R. Bach, writes:—“I am delighted with Algiers. The climate is simply delicious, the scenery magnificent, and the well-cut features and well-knit limbs of the Arab (scarcely hidden by their picturesque costumes) delightful to see. The streets are open, well paved, well lit; and those of the French quarter are the lounges of resident and visitor. It is only when leaving the lower town and nearing the Casbah that one finds oneself all of a sudden transferred from Europe to Africa. It is here that the salutation of ‘Salem Alikim’ (‘Peace be unto you’) strikes your ear, and that you view with keen interest the numerous curiosities which the Arabs here expose for sale. Shops with their cross-legged owners line both sides of the rapidly mounting terrace-like avenues leading to the Citadel; and it is here one meets that variety of national types which characterises the East. The Citadel is the crowning point of that part of the town called the Casbah, and is well worth visiting for the magnificent view from there, and for the historical interest that it must have to every visitor. It was here the French Consul Duval received the insult from Hussein Bey, which ended in the victory that gave Algiers and Algeria to the French. The still unconquered portion of it—or, rather, the turbulent portion of it—are the Kabyles; and my study of ‘Ben Aisa’ is a true specimen of the Berber race. They are the only people that can really claim relation with the ancient Africans, as their mountainous districts of the Atlas permitted them to a great extent to remain unmolested by all the different invasions that the course of time brought over this part of Africa. The Kabyle has not the nimble and elegant cut of the Arab, but is more robust and of a stronger make. The Hhaik, a loose garment worn by both sexes, and serving for all purposes, forms chief part of their home manufacture. The Hhaik is similar to the Roman toga, and permits the body plenty of opportunities to show the well-knit frame. The Kabyle's, as well as the Arab's, darling indulgence is idleness, and their favourite lounges are the *cafés*, and a chat or a game of cards there. The Café Hammah is an excellent specimen of a Moorish *café*, and from early morning till late you may see the immovable native sip his mocha there. One of their greatest amusements is to listen to the ‘Rami,’ or story-teller, or to look on wonderingly at the conjurer's manipulations. I have listened to both, and have tried hard to sketch them on the spot, but only in one instance was I fortunate enough to have done before the whole mass was rising in confusion and alarm when observing the dreaded sketch-book and pencil. It is partly against their religion to be portrayed, partly owing to their fear of the ‘evil eye’ that will rest upon them during the sketching operation. They don't mind seeing the artist before the lifeless; and I had no annoyance whatever in sketching streets, mosques, fountains, doorways, interior of houses, &c., while I often encountered the greatest difficulty when finding myself before the living, be it man or animal. Often when jotting down a group of camels halting (on certain days long caravans of camels, laden with figs and dates, arrive from Biscara), the envious or superstitious owners would, though dead tired, stir them up again to prevent my working. However, there are exceptions everywhere; and in Algiers, as in Egypt, money could do a great deal, and could silence many religious scruples. The mosques and schools, both generally united in one building, are like those of Egypt, only with the difference that the tile forms the chief ornamentation in Algerian buildings, while the delicate wood or stone carving one meets at every turn in Cairo is, if not absent, sparsely used, and seems rather to be the property of the individual than the outcome of a national taste. The present mode of whitewashing there, though excellent in a sanitary respect, is by continual repetition ruining irretrievably what still remains of the beautiful and intricate stone carving. As a place of residence Algiers is, thanks to the French rule, as safe as Paris or Vienna, and will, once visited, leave always in the mind of the traveller a lingering wish to see it again.”

Matt : A Novel

(Continued from page 57)

MATT did as she was told: opening her arms, she threw her load into a corner of the room; then William Jones hurried the whole party back into the kitchen.

The men seated themselves on benches; but Matt moved about the room to get a light. The light as well as everything else was a living illustration of the meanness of William Jones. It consisted, not of a candle but of a long rush, which had been gathered from the marshes by Matt, and afterwards dried and dipped in grease by

THE GRAPHIC

William Jones. Matt lit it, and fixed it in a little iron niche which was evidently made for the purpose, and which was attached to a table near the hearth. When the work was finished she threw off her hat and jacket, retired to the further end of the hearth, and sat down on the floor.

During the whole of this time Mr. Monk had been watching her gloomily; and he had been watched in his turn by William Jones. At last the latter spoke.

"Matt's growed," said he; "she's growed wonderful. Lord bless us! she's a bit changed she is sin' that night when you found her down on the shore. Why her own friends wouldn't know her!"

Mr. Monk started and frowned.

"Her friends?" he said; "what friends?"

"Why, them as owns her," continued William Jones; "if they wasn't all drowned in the ship what she came ashore from, they must be somewhere. Mayhap some day they'll find her, and reward me for bringin' her up a good gal,—that's what I allus tell her."

"So that's what you always tell her, do you?" returned Monk meekly; "but look ye now, I think—"

"You've no right to think," thundered Monk; "you're not paid for thinking; you're paid for keeping the girl, and what more do you want? Matt," he continued in a softer tone, "come to me."

But Matt didn't hear—or, at any rate, did not heed; for she made no movement. Then Monk, gazing intently at her, gave vent to the same remark as William Jones had done a few hours before.

"Where have you been to-day," he said, "to have on that frock?"

Again Matt hung her head and was silent. Monk repeated his question; and seeing that he was determined to have an answer, she threw up her head defiantly and said, with a tone of pride in her voice:—

"I put it on to be took!"

"To be took?" repeated Monk.

"Yes," returned Matt; "to have my likeness took. There be a painter chap here that lives in a cart; he's took it."

It was curious to note the changes in Mr. Monk's face: at first he tried to appear amiable; then his face gradually darkened into a look of angry suspicion. Matt never once withdrew her eyes from him—his very presence seemed to rouse all that was bad in her—and she glared at him through her tangled locks in much the same manner that a shaggy terrier puppy might gaze at a bull which it would fain attack, but feared on account of its superior strength.

"Matt," said Mr. Monk again, "come here."

This time she obeyed; she rose slowly from her seat and went reluctantly to his side.

"Matt, look me in the face," he said; "do you know who this painter is?"

Matt shook her head.

"How many times have you seen him?"

"Twice."

"And what has he said to you?"

"A lot o' things."

"Tell me one thing."

"He asked me who my mother was, and I told him I h: dn't got none."

Mr. Monk's face once more grew black as night.

"So," he said, "poking and prying and asking questions. I thought as much. He's a scoundrel vagabond!"

"No he ain't," said Matt bluntly.

"Matt, my girl," said Mr. Monk, taking no notice of her interruption, "I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?"

"Not to go near that painter again!"

Matt shook her head.

"Shan't promise," she said, "cause I shall go. My likeness ain't took yet—he takes a time he does. I'm going to put them things on to-morrow and be took again."

For a moment the light in his eyes looked dangerous, then he smiled and patted her cheek, at which caress she shrank away.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Matt. "I don't like to be pulled about, that's all."

"You mean you don't like me?"

"Don't know. That's telling."

"And yet you've no cause to hate me, Matt, for I've been a good friend to you—and always shall, because I like you, Matt. Do you understand, I like you?"

So anxious did he seem to impress this upon her, that he put his arm around her waist, drew her towards him, and kissed her on the cheek, a ceremony he had never performed before. But Matt seemed by no means to appreciate the honour; as his lips touched her cheeks she shivered; and when he released her she began rubbing at the place as if to wipe the touch away.

If Mr. Monk noticed this action on the part of the girl he deemed it prudent to take no notice of it. He said a few more pleasant things to Matt, and again patted her cheek affectionately, then he left the cottage, taking William Jones with him. Ten minutes later William Jones returned alone.

"Where's he?" asked Matt.

"Meanin' Mr. Monk, Matt—he be gone!" said William Jones.

"Gone for good?" demanded Matt, impatiently.

"No—he ain't, Matt—he'll be down here to-morrow, he will; and you'd best be at home!"

Matt said nothing this time; she only turned away sullenly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Matt," said William Jones, presently.

"Well?"

"Mr. Monk seems uncommon fond of you, he do."

Matt reflected for a moment, then she replied,

"I wonder what he's fond o' me for, William Jones?"

"Well, I dunno—cause he is, I suppose," returned William Jones, having no more logical answer at his command.

"Tain't that," said Matt, "he don't love me 'cause I'm me!"

William Jones looked at her, conscious that there was a new development of sagacity in her character, but was utterly at a loss to understand what that new development meant.

CHAPTER VI.

ALSO CONCLUDES WITH A KISS

WHEN Matt awoke the next morning, the first thing she did was to look around for her Sunday clothes, which on retiring to rest she had carefully placed beside her bed. They were gone, and in their place lay the habiliments she was accustomed to wear on her erratic pilgrimages every day.

Her face grew cloudy, she hunted all round the chamber, but finding nothing that she sought she was compelled to array herself as she best could.

"William Jones," she said, when she sat with that worthy at a hermit's breakfast of dry bread and whey, "where's my Sunday clothes?"

William Jones fidgetted a bit, then he said,

"They're put where you won't find 'em. Look ye now, Matt, you'd better be doin' summat more useful than runnin' about after a painter chap. I was down on the shore this morning, and I seen heape o' wood—you'd best get some of it afore night!"

Matt gave a snort, but said nothing. A few minutes later her benign protector left the cottage, and a little after he had disappeared Matt issued forth; but instead of beating the shore for firewood, as she had been told to do, she ran across the fields to the painter.

She found him already established at his work. The fact was he had been for some time strolling about with his hands in his pockets, and scanning the prospect on every side, for a sight of her. Having got tired of this characteristic occupation he at length sat down and began to put a few touches to the portrait. Seeing that he was unconscious of her approach Matt crept up quietly behind him and took a peep at the picture.

Her black eyes dilated with pleasure.

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"So you have come at last," said Brinkley quietly, going on with his painting.

She made no movement and no further sound, so he continued,

"Perhaps now you have come you'll be good enough to step round that I may continue my work. I am longing to refresh my memory with a sight of your face, Matt!"

"Well you can't," said Matt, "they're locked up!"

"Eh—what's locked up—my memory or your face?"

It was clear Matt could not appreciate banter. She saw him smile, and guessed that he was laughing at her, and her face grew black and mutinous. She would have slunk off, but his voice stopped her.

"Come here, Matt," he said. "Don't be silly, child; tell me what's the matter, and—why what has become of your resplendent raiment—your gorgeous Sunday clothes?"

"Didn't I tell yer—they're locked up."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, William Jones done it 'cause he told him. He don't want me to come here and be took."

"Oh! Tell you what it is, Matt, we will have our own way, in spite of them. For the present this picture shall be put aside. If in a day or so you can again don your Sunday raiment, and sit to me again in them—if not, I daresay I shall be able to finish the dress from memory. That portrait I shall give to you. In the mean time, as I want one for myself, I will paint you as you are. Do you approve?"

Matt nodded her head vigorously.

"Very well," said Brinkley. "Then we will get on."

He removed from his easel and carefully covered the portrait upon which he had been working. Then he put up a fresh cardboard and sat down, inviting Matt to do the same.

With the disappearance of the Sunday clothes the girl's stiffness seemed to have disappeared also, and she became again a veritable child of Nature. She looked like a shaggy young pony fresh from a race on the mountain side as she threw herself on the ground in an attitude which was all picturesqueness and beauty. Then with her plump sun-burnt hand she carelessly began to pull up the grass, while her black eyes searched alternately the prospect and the painter's face.

Presently she spoke.

"He says you're a pryin' scoundrel," she said.

Brinkley looked up and smiled.

"Who is he, Matt?"

"Mr. Monk," she replied, and gave a jerk with her head in the direction of Monkshurst.

"O, indeed," said Brinkley. "It is my amiable equestrian friend, is it? I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. And when, may I ask, did he bore you with his opinion of me?"

"Last night, when he come to see William Jones. He said I wasn't to be took no more 'cause you was a scoundrel poking and prying."

Brinkley began to whistle, and went on for a while vigorously touching up his work. Then he looked up and regarded the girl curiously.

"Mr. Monk seems to be very much interested in you, Matt?"

The girl nodded her head vigorously; then remembering the odious caress to which Mr. Monk had subjected her, she began to rub her cheek again violently.

"Why is Mr. Monk so interested in you? Do you know?"

"Praps it's 'cause he found me when I come ashore?"

"O he found you, did he? Then why doesn't he keep you?"

"He do, only I live along o' William Jones."

Again Brinkley began whistling lightly, and working away vigorously with his brush. Presently the conversation began again.

"Matt, what things did you come ashore in?"

"I dunno!"

"You have never heard whether anything was found with you which might lead to your finding your relations?"

"No, no more has William Jones. He says maybe they'll find me some day and reward him, but Mr. Monk says they were all drowned, and I ain't got no friends 'cept him and William Jones."

"Well, since he found you, I suppose he ought to know; and since you have no relations, Matt, and no claim upon anybody in the world, it was very kind of Mr. Monk to keep you, instead of sending you to the workhouse as he might have done."

On this point Matt seemed rather sceptical.

"Well," continued Brinkley, as he went on lightly touching up his work, "perhaps I have done my equestrian friend a wrong. Perhaps his unamiable exterior belies his real nature; perhaps he is good and kind, generous to the poor, willing to help the helpless—like you, for instance."

"Is it him?" exclaimed Matt, "Monk of Monkshurst! Why he don't give nothin' to nobody. No fear."

And yet, according to your own showing, he has helped to support you all these years—you, who have no claim whatever upon him."

This was an enigma to which Matt had no solution. She said no more, 'but Brinkley, while he continued his painting, silently ruminated thus:

"It strikes me this puzzle would be worth unravelling if I could only find the key. Query, is the young person the key, if I but knew how to use her? Perhaps, since the amiable Monk evidently dislikes my coming into communication with her. But it would be useless to lay the case before her, since, if she is the key, she is quite unconscious of it herself."

He threw down his brush, rose and stretched himself, and said,

"Look here, Matt, I'm tired of work. The sun shining on those sand hills and on the far-off sea is too tempting. I shall go for a walk, and you, if you are in the mood, shall be my guide."

She evidently was in the mood, for she was on her feet in an instant.

"All right, master," she said, "I'll go."

"Very well. Tim, bring forth some refreshment. We will refresh the inner man and girl before we start."

Tim disappeared into the caravan. Presently he reappeared bearing a small tray, on which was a small flask of brandy, a large jug of milk, some biscuits, and a couple of glasses. This he placed on the camp stool, which his master had just vacated, and which, when not in use as a seat, served as a table. Brinkley poured out two glasses of milk, then looking at Matt, he held the little flask on high.

"Brandy, Matt?"

She shook her head.

"Very well, child; I think you are wise. Here, take the milk and drink confusion to your enemies!"

Matt took the glass of milk and drank it down, while Brinkley hastened to dilute and dispose of the other. Then he gave some orders to Tim, and they started off. As they had no particular object in view they chose the pleasantest route, and clearly the pleasantest lay across the sand hills. Not because the sand hills were pleasant in themselves; they were not, especially on a day when the sun was scorching the roads and making the sea like a mill-pond, but because by crossing the sand hills one came on the other side upon a foot-path which led, by various windings, gradually to the top of breezy cliffs.

To the sand hills, therefore, they wended their way. Having gained them they followed a route which Matt knew full well, and which soon brought them to the narrow foot-path beyond. During the walk she was singularly silent, and Brinkley seemed to be busily trying to work out some abstruse problem which had taken possession of his brain.

When they had followed the foot-path for some distance, and had gained the greensward on the top of the cliffs, the young man threw himself upon the grass, and invited Matt to do the same. It was very pleasant there, soothing both to the eye and to the mind. The cliff was covered—somewhat sparsely, it is true—with stunted grass, and just below on their right lay the ocean, calm as any mill-pond, but sighing softly as the water kissed the rocks and flowed back again with rhythmic throb. On their left lay the sand hills, glittering like dusty gold in the sun rays, while just before and below them was the village.

"Do you see that house standing all by itself, close to shore?" said Matt, pointing to the cottage, where she lived; "that belongs to William Jones—and look ye now, there be William Jones on the rocks!"

Looking down, Brinkley beheld a figure moving along the rocks, just where the water touched the edge.

"Very lazy of William Jones," he said. "Why isn't he at work?"

"At work?"

"Yes; tilling the fields or fishing. By the way, I forgot to ask you, is he a fisherman?"

"No, he ain't," said Matt. "He's a wrecker, he is!"

"A what?" exclaimed Brinkley.

"A wrecker," continued Matt, as if wrecking was the most natural occupation in the world. Brinkley looked at her, imagining that she must be practising some wild joke. He had certainly heard of wreckers, but he had always believed that they were a species of humanity which had belonged to past centuries, and were now as extinct as a mammoth. But the girl evidently meant what she said, and thought there was nothing extraordinary in the statement.

"That sea don't look ugly, do it?" she continued, pointing at the ocean, "but it is—there's rocks out there where the ships split on, then they go all to pieces, and the things come ashore."

"And what becomes of all the things, Matt?"

"Some of 'em's stole, and some of 'em's took by the coastguards. They do say," she added, mysteriously, "as there's lots o' things—gold and silver—hid among them sand hills. Before the coastguards come all the folk was wreckers like William Jones, and they used to get what come ashore, and they used to hide it in the sand hills."

"Indeed! Then if that is the case, why don't they take the treasure up, and turn it into money?"

"Why?—Cause they can't, them sand hills is allus changing and shifting about, they are; though they know well enough the things is there, there's no findin' of 'em!"

"I always thought William Jones was poor?"

"So he is, he says!" replied Matt, "cause though he be allus foraging he don't find much now on account o' them coastguard chaps."

After they had rested themselves, they went a little further up the cliff, then they followed a narrow winding path, which brought them to the shore below. Here Matt, who seemed to be pretty well grounded in the history of the place, pointed him out the wonders of the coast. She showed him the caves, which tradition said had been formerly used as wreckers' haunts and treasure stores, but which were now washed by the sea, and covered with slimy weeds; then she brought him to a promontory where they told her she herself had been found. This spot Brinkley examined curiously, then he looked at the girl.

"I suppose you had clothes on when you came ashore, didn't you, Matt?"

"Why, of course, I had. William Jones has got 'em!"

"Has he? Where?"

"In his cave, I expect."

"His cave! Where is that?" asked Brinkley, becoming very much interested.



A STREET IN THE CASBAH



A QUIET RUBBER, ALGIERS



A STREET CONJUROR, ALGIERS



KABYLE SELLING LEMONS



EN ARABIE



VIEW IN THE JARDIN MARENGO, ALGIERS

AN ARTIST'S TOUR AMONG THE ARABS

"In Ireland, master?"

"Yes, on the west coast; do you know it?"

William Jones shook his head.

"There be plenty wreck there, ain't there?" said he suddenly.

"Wreck?" repeated Brinkley.

"Yes, I've heard tell o' wonderful storms and big ships breaking up. Look ye now, they do tell wonderful stories; and I wonder sometimes if all they says be true."

Brinkley looked at his host for a minute or so in silent wonder, for the little man was transformed. Instead of gazing about him with the stupid expression which up till now his face had worn, his face expressed all the keenness of a foxhound well on the scent. There was also another curious thing which the young man noticed, that the word "wreck" seemed to act like magic on the other member of the Jones' household. At the first mention of it the old man started from his sleep; and he now sat staring wildly before him, evidently imagining he was standing on a headland, gazing out to sea.

"Wreck!" he murmured; "ay, there it be drifting in wi' the wind and the tide, William; driftin' in wi' the tide."

"Shut up, old man," said William, giving his father a nudge; then turning again to Brinkley, he said, "Be them tales true, master?"

"Eh?—O yes; perfectly true," said Brinkley, being in a lively humour, and determined to give his host a treat.

The expression in the eyes of William Jones became even more greedy.

"P'raps," he said, "you've seen some of them wrecks."

"Dear me, yes," answered Brinkley, determined to give the reins to his imagination. "I've seen any number of them. Huge ships broken up like match-boxes, and every soul on board them drowned; then afterwards—"

"Ah yes, mister," said William Jones eagerly as the other paused; "arter—"

"Well afterwards, my friend, I've seen treasures come ashore that would have made you and me, and a dozen others such, men for life."

"Dear, dear! and what became of it, mister—tell me that?"

"What became of it?" repeated Brinkley, whose imagination was beginning to give way; "why it was appropriated, of course, by the population."

"And didn't you take your share, mister?"

"I?" repeated Brinkley, who was getting muddled; "well, firstly, because I didn't wish to; I have a superstitious horror of wearing dead men's things; and secondly, because I could not have done so had I wished. The people are clannish; they wanted it all for themselves, and would have killed any interfering stranger."

"I suppose, mister, there be no coastguard chaps there?" said William Jones.

"O dear, no! No coastguards."

"Ah!" sighed the old man, coming out of his trance. "It warn't so long ago when there warn't no coastguard chaps here neither. Then times was better for honest men. On a dark night 'twas easy to put a light on the headland, and sometimes we got a prize or two that way, didn't we, William dear; but now—"

"You shut up!" roared William, giving his parent a very forcible dig in the ribs. "You don't know what you're talkin' about, you don't.—The old 'un is a bit queer in the head, master," he explained; "and he's allus a dreamin', he is. There ain't no prizes here, the Lord knows; it's a'most as much as we can do to git a bit o' bread. Matt knows that; don't ee', Matt?"

But whatever Matt knew she evidently meant to keep to herself, for she gave no reply. Presently, after a little more general conversation, Brinkley rose to go. He offered a two-shilling piece to William Jones; and, somewhat to his amazement, that worthy accepted it gratefully.

"Good-bye, Matt," said Brinkley. But in a trice Matt was beside him.

"I'm going to show you the way," she explained as she went out with him into the air.

"Whew!" said Brinkley when they were fairly clear of the cabin; "the open air is better than that den; but then William Jones is very poor, isn't he, Matt?"

"He says he is."

"But don't you believe it?"

"P'raps I do, and p'raps I don't; it don't matter to you, does it?"

"Not the least in the world."

They went on for a while in silence; then Matt, who had been furtively watching his face all the while, spoke again.

"You ain't angry, are you, master?" she asked.

"I angry?—what for?"

"Cause I said that just now."

"Dear me, no; whatever you might say, Matt, wouldn't offend me."

If he expected to please her by this he was mistaken.

"That's 'cause you don't care. Well, I don't care neither, if you don't."

She ran a little ahead of him, and continued to precede him until she gained the last sandhill, and caught a glimpse of the caravan. Then she paused.

"You don't want me to go no further, do you?"

"No."

"All right—good-bye."

She gave a bound, like a young deer, and prepared to start for a swift run back, but the young man called her.

"Matt, come here."

She came up to him. He put his arm about her shoulders, bent over her upturned face, and kissed her. In her impulsive way, Matt returned the kiss ardently, then to her amazement, she gave one strange look into his eyes—blushed violently, and hung her head.

"Come, give me another, Matt," he said.

But Matt would not comply. With one jerk she freed herself from him; then, swift as lightning she ran back across the hills towards the sea.

(To be continued.)



"FAST AND LOOSE," by Arthur Griffiths (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is wholly devoted to crime and its detection. Its love business is altogether conventional, and crime itself is regarded as a field for sport between criminal and constable rather than from any psychological point of view. The result is a lively novel of incident, without the least tendency to unhealthiness of tone. All the author's sympathies are on the side of law and justice; and so far does he carry his taste for tracking out villainies as to choose for his serious hero a young baronet, who devotes all his time and all his mental powers to spying, eavesdropping, and the discovery of hidden scandals. A principal fault of the novel is that it is too long. One becomes tired, after a while, of the way in which a circle of hunters and hunted run after one another like the four classical characters of pantomime, especially as one sees, half-way through, how everything is going to end. Major Griffiths

displays plenty of original observation, and imagination enough to give his materials picturesqueness of colour, but is not skilled in construction so as to give them due coherence and proportion. As to minor matters, it would be interesting to know how a young lady could know German without knowing anything of High Dutch; and why the author should treat the word *écriture* as if it were untranslatable.

"By Mead and Stream," by Charles Gibbon (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), cannot be counted among its author's successes. Characters are introduced almost at random, apparently with some sort of notion that it was just as well to bring them in on the chance of their turning out useful somewhere or other, while by-plots are entered into in the same spirit, with the result of woeiful confusion. This is to be the more regretted, as Mr. Gibbon has thus wasted a considerable number of excellent and suggestive sketches. Caleb, for example, the farm-labourer, who, by force of character and earnestness becomes a power of importance in the labour question, could easily have been so dealt with as to have proved a really valuable addition to the portrait gallery of our own time. As it is, we are merely told that he was what he was, but are never shown the man. Nor is the loss of admirable opportunities compensated by any interest attaching to the love story, and of the incidents whereby it was troubled. The former is strictly a matter of common form, while the latter are possible only in a world composed of lunatics and simpletons.

"Amyot Brough," by E. Vincent Britton (2 vols.: Seeley and Co.), is a very fair attempt at fictitious biography, the interest being due to the connection of its subject with General Wolfe, and his presence at the taking of Quebec. Everything is told in a plain and straightforward manner, without any unrealistic attempt at plot-making, and conciseness is wholesomely regarded, except in the exceedingly out-of-place speculations of a philosophic poodle, altogether beyond the limits of possible biography. A pleasant feature of the volumes is the substitution of sketches for verbal descriptions. Whenever a place is mentioned, it is presented to the reader's eyes instead of his mind—a practice which might be followed with good effect even in purely imaginative fiction. An immense amount of skipping would thus be rendered unnecessary.

In "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), Mary Linskill ("Stephen Yorke"), has picked up a scrap of the Brontë mantle from the Yorkshire moors. The scrap is but small, but it suggests the original robe, and is worn not ungracefully. While the story is bald and pointless, the writing is always up to a high level, and often exceedingly good; and, indeed, the author is in some danger from the possession of such an easy command of language. Words are only too ready to do duty for ideas. However, no fault can be found on that head with a highly-picturesque account of the putting-off of a lifeboat to a wreck. This is admirably told; and there is an equal amount of pathos in other portions, as in the touching story of the invincible destiny to seafaring and consequent death that overhung a family of sailors. A weak point in the story is probably due partly to its model—the sympathy demanded for a man whose physical courage is only surpassed by his moral cowardice. The portrait is overdrawn, so as to make him downright despicable.

"Between the Acts," by C. H. D. Stocker (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), appears to be the outcome of a diligent but undiscriminating study of the works of Miss Mathers. But we doubt if the latter, with all her courage, would have imagined a family quite resembling that of the wonderful young ladies who contrive to combine the height of culture with the depth of vulgarity, and find time to excel in every form of intellectual accomplishment, to shine in society, to do all the servants' work of an entire household, and to have their own romances besides. There are also some *enfants terribles* who may amuse children of their own age; and this is about the best that can be said for this desperate attempt at serio-comedy.



PROFESSOR BLACKIE, a Sassenach *pur sang*, has taken care to acquaint himself with facts before coming forward as the Crofters' champion. In the preface to "The Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws" (Chapman and Hall) he tells us how, within the last thirty years, he has been through almost every part of the Highlands, and how his conviction that the Land Laws are radically wrong was strengthened by every visit. But facts are strange as well as stubborn things; and the lesson which, in the Duke of Argyll's hands, the Professor's facts are made to convey is by no means that which Dr. Blackie teaches. One thing, however, is certain—"The men must go or the deer must starve" is the truth brought out in the Winans case; and if, in consideration of their ruining the British farmer with cheap wheat, we are to find deer-forests for American millionaires, there is nothing more to be said. Sooner or later every glen will share the fate of Glencannich, from which, at one time, early in the century, there came seventeen officers in the army and nine Roman Catholic clergymen. Pretty well that, out of forty-five families; but now the whole glen, save one small farm, is a deer forest. Dr. Blackie's book is comprehensive, dealing not only with tribal land tenure, the Highland character, the right to sea-weed, and other local matters, but with primogeniture, the *metayer* system, and the general relations of landlord and tenant. The change from chief to landlord, and then the gradual substitution of "the new landlords" (the class which Ireland owes to the Encumbered Estates' act) and consequent ruin of the tacksmen (the only middle class) is admirably described; and at least three points are clearly established: that, if Scotland had had a Cornwallis, we might have settled the Highland difficulty by passing a wise Land Law after the '45; that the grazings are, in some form, essential to the crofter; and that (*testa* Dr. Norman Macleod) cruel wrong has often been done by men who were factors and fiscals, and a dozen things besides, taking upon themselves to transfer families from farms which their own labour had rendered fertile to barren spots by the sea-coast. Dr. Blackie makes merry over the fallacy of "freedom of contract," where, on the one side, is a crofter who must have land, on the other, the all-powerful chamberlain. He gives an amusing account of a successful stand against eviction at Coigach, on Loch Broom. Of course the author of "Braemar Ballads" can't help giving us a taste of rhyme. His "Jolly Deer-stalkers' song," with its burden—

The hills, 'tis clear, were meant for deer,
And not for men or sheep—

reminds us of the time when the sheep, "the cursed grey," was the Highlander's *bête noir*, just as the deer is now.

The Red Indian so far resembles the crofter that our complex civilisation seems hostile to both. Yet Mr. Royce, in the "First Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology" (Washington: Government Printing Office), makes the astounding assertion that "the Indians have not greatly diminished in numbers, and that the tribes longest in contact with civilisation are increasing." We hope he finds ground for still holding the same opinion; for it is more than four years ago since this lengthy and elaborate Report was presented by the Director to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Anyhow the Report is full of well-arranged facts about myths, worship, burial and other customs, language, &c. It also contains Mr. Holden's "Studies in Picture Writing," and a long paper by Colonel Mallery on "Red Indian Sign Language," with parallels

from Neapolitan daily life. These 600 quarto pages, with three scores of beautiful illustrations, are a worthy first instalment of the labours of the Bureau. Not the least interesting chapter is that on "The Indian Title;" the author's contention is that, since England in 1789 relinquished the U.S. territory "without so much as a saving clause guaranteeing the Indian right of occupancy," therefore the States got an absolute and unqualified fee-simple title, unembarrassed by any intermediate tenancy. No wonder that, as he naively expresses it, "this claim was unintelligible to the savages in its legal aspects, though it soon came to be practically understood by them as fatal to their independence."

To the "Home Library" of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, M. Gustave Masson has added a life of "Richelieu," based on the exhaustive work of Viscount d'Avenel. As he truly says, Louis XIII.'s reign far better represents the *ancien régime* than the period which began with *l'Etat c'est Moi*. His sketch of the Huguenots, to whom our help was so disastrous, and of the Gallican Church, is lucid and appreciative. He brings into striking prominence the vast influence of the Court ladies, as seen in the way in which Mdlles. de Hautefort and de la Fayette set the great Minister at defiance. Richelieu could behead Bouteville, a cadet of the Montmorencys; he could condemn the Duke of Valette; could snub Bouillon and Épernon; and kill Cinq Mars and De Thou; but he was baffled by two young girls whom he sought to use as his instruments; and, unhappily, he was equally foiled by the temper of the French people in his attempts to secure justice to the Huguenots. M. Masson's English is generally so excellent that we wonder how the ambiguity on p. 26, where what he says of the Duchess of Chevreuse belongs grammatically to Henrietta Maria, should have escaped his notice.

Mr. H. Faulds, as surgeon of Tsukiji Hospital, Tokio, had abundant means of studying Japanese habits and the less salient points of Japanese character. He improved these opportunities, and also visited many places where a European face is rarely seen; and he writes with so much *verve* as well as insight that "Nine Years in Nipon" (A. Gardner, Paisley, and Paternoster Row) is one of the very best books of its kind. He photographs everything and everybody, from the swallow-tailed butterflies drinking at the puddles (as one sees them in the Valais) to the glories of Fuji at sunrise, from the singing frogs to the peasants who meekly bow to the gold-laced railway guard, and sometimes respectfully leave their patterns on the platform when stepping into the train. Such a close observer has, of course, much to say about Japanese art, which he contrasts with Greek want of truth in relation to Nature; about language, Chinese characters being to the Yellow race what our Arabic numerals are to Europeans; above all, about the homes of the people. Tokio he ranks as a very commonplace city, far below Kioto in grace and culture; while from the state of its drains it is hard to understand how it can ever be free from cholera. In general the Japs are the politest of men and women; but twice Mr. Faulds was rudely treated, first in a little mountain tea-house, which he entered foot-sore and travel-stained, and again in a remote town, where two French officers had lately been displaying the unloveliness of European manners.

"The Constitutional Year Book and Politician's Guide" (Harrison) is a wonderful shilling's worth, containing, besides the present constituents and a digest of the Redistribution Bill, a sketch of the British Constitution and of our Colonial history, and also a complete list of the votes on divisions during the last four years, as well as an analysis of the chief divisions, &c., &c.

Canon Kingsley's admirers will be glad to have a Kingsley Birthday Book, and such is "Daily Thoughts" (Macmillan), selected by Mrs. Kingsley from MS. notebooks, sermons, and private letters, as well as from the published works. The book is beautifully printed and rubricated. References to the shorter as well as to the longer extracts would have made it more complete. It is worrying not to know where to look for a thought that you would fain study with its context.

The Rev. Donald Macleod's "Sunday Home Service" (Ibsister), suggests Bible readings for every Sunday in the year, and gives for each a short discourse, followed by a prayer and collect. Like his father's, Dr. D. Macleod's broadness must sometimes startle his more old-fashioned countrymen (and women). For instance, "the all-embracing fulness of the glad tidings, so that we must beware of speaking as if something less was intended," is hardly the view which the average Presbyterian has been used to take of the Angelic message. Some of the sermons (that, for instance, on "Love Determining Character") are full of fresh thought.



MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—A group of three English ballads, music by Gerard F. Cobb, is of more than average merit. For No. I., "Ah! County Guy, the Hour is Nigh," the words are by Sir Walter Scott. They are, no doubt, known to most of our readers. No. II., "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," is written by A. Cunningham. No. III. is one of Hartley Coleridge's charming poems, "She is Not Fair to Outward View."—As is almost an unerring rule, sequels to books or songs are failures. Such is the case with "Steering Home," a sequel to the justly popular song, "Sailing," written and composed by Godfrey Marks, who has done far better with "The Blind Sailors of Bristol," a very laughable song, words by F. E. Weatherly.—Of the Dick Turpin type is the hero of a song entitled "The Highwayman," written and composed by G. T. Drury and W. Manclark. The words are worthy of a better musical setting.—Of a very sentimental, not to say commonplace, school are two ballads, the one, "Eily, Dear Eily," words and music by W. J. Devers; the other, "Good-bye, My Love, Good-bye," written and composed by William C. Newsham.—Godfrey Marks' favourite song, "Sailing," has been well arranged for the pianoforte by Josef Trousselle. "L'Heure de Soir," by W. F. S., is a very pretty pianoforte piece for the drawing-room. "The Fern Leaf Schottische," by Esomer, and "The Magnolia Valse," by E. M. Machell, will be numbered amongst the general favourites of this season.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—That quaint poet of ancient days, Thomas Heywood (1607) has supplied the words for a dainty little ballad, music by Jessie Botterill, entitled "Pack Clouds, Away."—A meet companion for the above, although of more modern poetry, is "Sunshine and Sorrow," written and composed by Maura Drummond and Thomas Threlfall; an *ad libitum* accompaniment for the violin adds much to the effect of this song for a mezzo-soprano.—Very dramatic and out of the ordinary groove is "Haunted!" written and composed by Michael Watson; it is published in three keys.—Pretty words wedded to suitable music are combined in "Dawn Talks To Day," written and composed by William Morris and Mary Carmichael.—A very charming Italian cavatina, "Veni che poi Sereno," for a contralto, from C. von Gluck's *Semiramus*, in minutest time, will surely win an *encore*, even from those who cannot quite understand its words.—A collection of sixteen German songs, in Maude Valérie White's "Album," will prove a welcome present to a soprano: some of the songs are very attractive, all are more or less meritorious.—"Zwei Clavierstücke," by F. Lichtenstein, will prove useful additions to the drawing-room repertoire.

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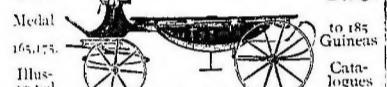
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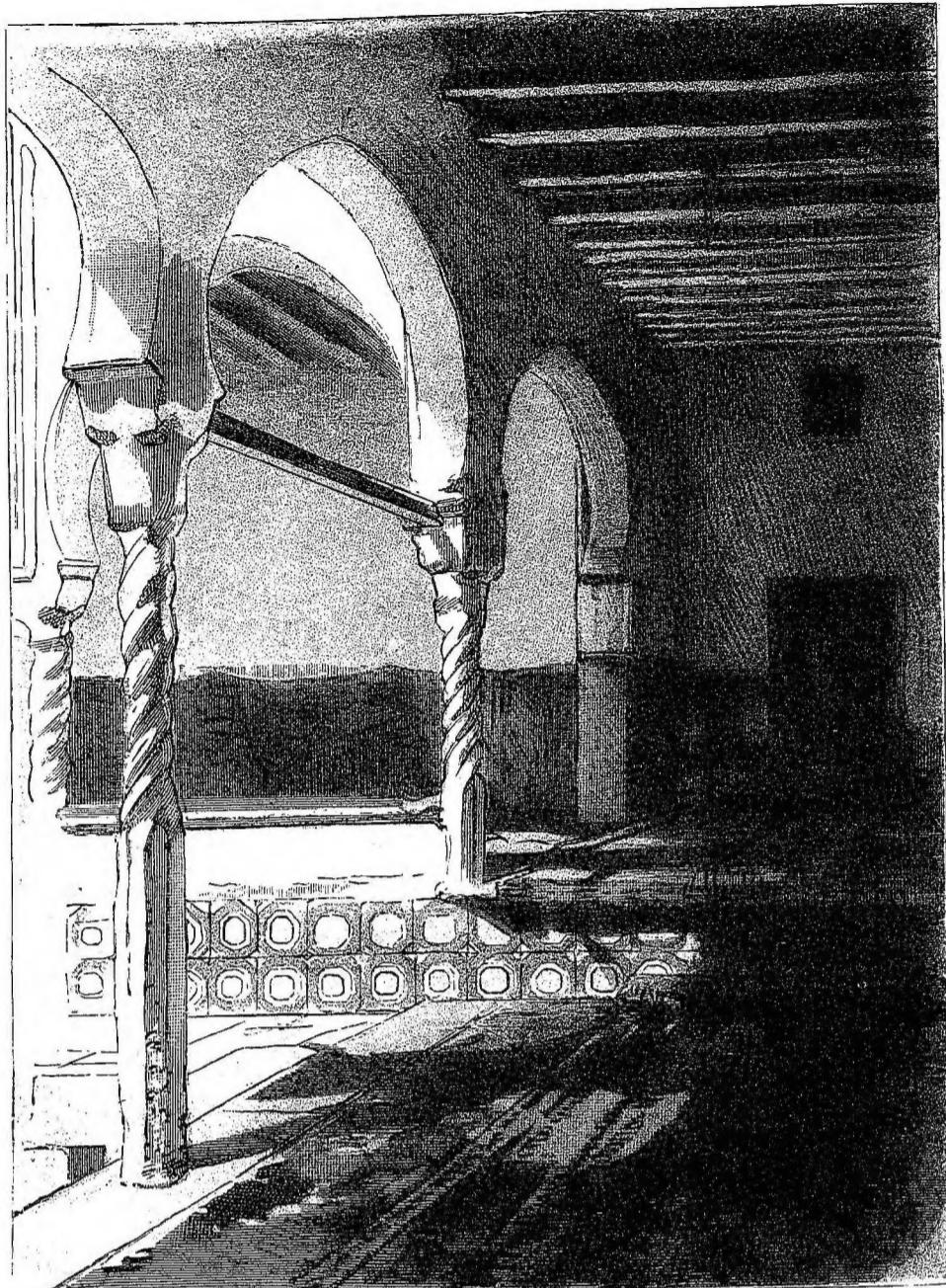
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